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JEALOUS ITALIAN KILLS TWO IN BRADFORD SUNDAY

Grace Bigler and Anthony Kohen the Victims.

ROSANNI ANNISETTA USED SHOTGUN

Rosanni Was Jealous Because Anthony Was Calling on Grace—Death Was Instantaneous in Both Cases—Rosanni Escaped After Cold-Blooded Double Murder.

The most cold blooded double murder ever perpetrated in this county was committed in Bradford last Sunday night when Mrs. Grace Graham Bigler and her admirer, Anthony Kohnen, were shot and killed by a jealous Italian lover of Mrs. Bigler, named Rosanni Gigliotto, generally known as Rosanni Anuisette.

The shooting occurred at the home of Mrs. Bigler at No. 12 Johnson street at about 11:45 o'clock.

As soon as Anuisette was satisfied that both of his victims were dead he quietly walked out of the house and made his escape, and although the Bradford police and County Detective E. W. Jones have been making a thorough search for him ever since, no trace of him has been found. Detective Jones who had to return home on account of court, informed The Miner man yesterday that it was thought that the murderer was in hiding in some of the Italian houses in that city and that he was returning to Bradford that evening to take up the search again.

The following account of the murder and coroner's inquest is gleaned from the Bradford Star-Record of Monday:

Mrs. Bigler, Kohnen, Edith Workman of Tuna, and Glen Rogers of Duke Center were in the house when Annisetta entered at 11:45 last night with a double-barreled shot gun. Annisetta was in an ugly mood and threatened to shoot up the house. Mrs. Bigler ordered him to take the gun out of the house. Annisetta paid no attention to her orders, but continued to threaten the lives of any and all who were in his way. Mrs. Bigler started to leave the house to give an alarm, but Annisetta stopped her by shooting her in the abdomen at short range. She was instantly killed and fell to the floor in a heap.

Kohnen was the man that Annisetta was after and with his first victim out of the way he started to look for the man who had come between him and his innamorata. Kohnen, as soon as Annisetta appeared, had made for the kitchen pantry in which he hid himself.

Annisetta went into the kitchen and shouted to Kohnen, telling him that he could come out and that he (Annisetta) would not harm him. Kohnen took Annisetta at his word and appeared in the doorway. Annisetta promptly pointed the gun at Kohnen and fired. The load struck Kohnen in the breast, tearing a great hole and killing him instantly.

Then Annisetta escaped.

Grace Graham Bigler has lived in Bradford most of her life. She has had a police record ever since she was a little girl. It is said that the girl was reared in an environment of sin. She did not have a chance and at an early age was known as a street walker. She was a very pretty girl with dark hair, a fine complexion, regular features, fine blue eyes and a good figure. That was years ago. At the time of her death dissapation had left its mark on her. She became a big, coarse creature with little remaining of the beauty of her young days. Kohnen, the murdered man, was a cripple. He had had one leg taken off and used an artificial limb. He was a quiet sort of man, but was popular with those who knew him. His father, Joseph W. Kohnen, and a brother, Joseph W. Jr., are moulders in the shop of Caldwell & Co., and it is said he has two sisters.

Annisetta is about 40 years old. He lived in a boarding house on Railroad street. It is said he was a former employee of the American Acid and Alkali works at South Bradford.

Autopsy and Inquest.

An autopsy was performed on the bodies of Mrs. Bigler and Kohnen at 8 o'clock this morning at J. A. Still's morgue. Dr. Winger examined the body of Mrs. Bigler and Dr. H. I. Woodhead looked after the Kohnen body. Dr. Winger stated, following the autopsy, that Mrs. Bigler was apparently from 35 to 37 years of age. She weighed between 200 and 215 pounds and was 5 feet and six inches in height. She had dark hair and blue eyes and was exceedingly dissipated in appearance. Dr. Winger found that there was a gun shot wound in her right side beneath the breast. It was about four and a half inches across. The wound was ragged and torn. The shot passed upward across the lungs to the left side. The third, fourth and fifth ribs were shattered and the chest was filled with blood. The shot spread through the chest. The lower and middle lobes of the right lung were reduced to shreds. Considerable shot was removed from the body.

Dr. Woodhead reported that the gun shot entered Kohnen's body through the middle of the collar bone, shattering it. The wound was two and a half inches horizontally and two inches vertically. The first and second ribs were shattered and the third one fractured. The shot passed through the right lung. Dr. Woodhead removed a large number of shot from the body. Following the autopsy, an inquest was held in the office of Coroner Sherman, which was conducted by the coroner and District Attorney-elect T. B. Wilson, who acted for District Attorney Mayo. The jurors were J. L. Adams, Hon. E. A. Boyne, M. J. Foster, Charles L. Kohl, H. S. Robbins and J. A. Still. Mr. Boyne was elected foreman. Dr. Winger gave his report as stated above and Edith Workman, who was an eye witness to the tragedy, was sworn. She gave her name and stated that she lived in Tuna, where she worked for a living. She said that she was a second cousin of Mrs. Bigler. She arrived in Bradford yesterday morning at 9 o'clock to spend the day at the latter's home.

Glen Rogers, she said, came to the house at noon. Tony Kohnen visited the house at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon at which time he and Grace Bigler had some words concerning a bedstead. The Italian, Annisetta, came to the house at 8:30 in the evening, at which time Mrs. Bigler was lying on a bed as she was not feeling well. Tony sat beside her and was visiting. The Italian seemed good natured and talked with Mrs. Bigler in the kitchen in Italian. The Workman woman said that as she was in the sitting room, she could not hear their conversation, and that she could not have told what they said, even if she had heard, as she did not understand Italian. Grace Bigler, she said, could talk Italian freely. Annisetta did not stay very long. At about 10:30, the Workman woman testified, he came back, carrying a shot gun. He told Mrs. Bigler that he carried the gun as he had seen some men near the Erie railroad station who said that "some one was down there who wished to make trouble for me." Mrs. Workman said that Mrs. Bigler did not believe the story. The Italian wanted to see who was in the bedroom. The Bigler woman was indignant at his forcing himself through the house with a gun and she told him she was going to get the police and have him arrested and "sent up." She said, "A dago has no right to carry a gun on Sunday anyway."

Annisetta raised the gun, aimed it at Mrs. Bigler, and shot her. Mrs. Workman was not in the parlor with Mrs. Bigler when the shooting took place. She was standing in the door leading from the living room to the bedroom. When she heard the shot fired she rushed towards the parlor door to go to her cousin's assistance. At the same time Mrs. Bigler ran a few steps towards her with her hands over the wound in her side. The blood was flowing down the front of her kimona. She said, "My God, he has shot me," and fell headlong onto the floor in the door between the two rooms, her face on her arms. Mrs. Workman said she knelt beside her to see if anything could be done, but that she died almost immediately. She stated that she did not move the body. Kohnen ran into the pantry as

(Continued on Page 8.)

BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES.

Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 11:45.

Evening service, preaching at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

REV. J. BOOTH, Pastor.

My holiday trade was very good last year, but I'm trying to make it better this year.

Yours to please,

J. A. HOLDER.

ANNUAL MEETING

Of Smethport Fire Department Held Last Thursday Evening.

The Smethport Fire Department held its annual meeting last Thursday evening in the hose house parlors, and at this meeting, as is the custom, officers for the ensuing year were elected. The following efficient list of officials were elected for the year 1912:

Chief, E. A. Hamilton; assistant chief, Dr. J. V. McAlpin; president, B. F. Starsky; vice president, Rev. J. F. Dugan; secretary, Ray Day; treasurer, M. L. Armstrong; trustee, M. S. Geary; foreman Henry Hamlin Engine Co., George Ritchie; assistant foreman, A. J. Hyatt; foreman Hose No. 1, C. B. Corwin; assistant foreman, Leo Digel; foreman Hose No. 2, Alfred G. Bush; assistant foreman, Fred Burlingame; foreman Hook & Ladder Co., George Hyde; assistant foreman, James Quirk; foreman Chemical Co., J. C. Wirt; assistant foreman, Ed. Engstrom.

M. L. Armstrong has been regularly elected treasurer of the Smethport Fire Department every year since the department was organized in 1881, and is probably the oldest active volunteer fireman in the country.

Chief Hamilton and Assistant Chief McAlpin were re-elected and make a pair of excellent officers for the head of the department.

SMETHPORT'S FIRST ANNUAL CHARITY BALL.

Will be held Wednesday, January 3rd, at the Lyceum. Without an exception this will be the finest dance ever held in Smethport or, in fact, in this section of the State. Moll's Orchestra (12 pieces and chimes) of Rochester, N. Y., will furnish the music. This orchestra ranks as one of the four best in the United States: some go so far as to say it's the best orchestra in America outside of New York city. Anyway, take it from us it will be the finest music you ever heard.

The entire net proceeds of this dance will go to our much respected townsman, P. E. Abbey.

Tickets, $6.00 per couple. (The cost will be $2.00 for each extra lady). Tickets will be placed on sale December 19th at Goodwick's, Hogarth's, Wells' and McCoy's drug stores.

Give yourself one night of real pleasure and at the same time know that you are contributing to a most worthy cause. Even if you do not dance, go anyway, and enjoy the gayety and music. It will do you good.

GAME DINNER.

Given by Olds Rod and Gun Club Last Sunday Afternoon.

The members of the Olds Rod and Gun Club gave a game dinner at their cabin on the headwaters of Robbins brook last Sunday afternoon which was hugely enjoyed by thirty-one hungry men.

The Olds Rod and Gun Club, which is made up from a number of our local sportsmen, has recently acquired 2300 acres of excellent hunting and fishing land in the Robbins brook valley and started a preserve. At the head of one of the branches of this brook a neat and commodious cabin has been erected and last Sunday the members of the club held open house for the first time with a game dinner to which a number of friends were invited.

Nearly every invited guest responded to the invitation and by one o'clock a merry party had assembled. An able corps of chefs were busy nearly all the morning preparing about 25 rabbits and many other toothsome dishes and when the dinner gong was sounded a more inviting repast would be hard to find.

The large party all had their fill and every one of those who were fortunate enough to be present say that they never sat down to a better meal or one that they enjoyed more. All are warm in their praise of the Olds Rod and Gun Club and their capable chefs.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Oh, no, I didn't say I was headquarters for everything. But I do sell more toys, etc., for less money than any place in town.

J. A. HOLDER.

CRIMINAL COURT VERY LIGHT THIS WEEK.

Dominico Cigar and Cormona Arsonia Convicted of Highway Robbery.

ZAFFINO MURDER CASE CONTINUED

Only One Case Tried at This Term—Asa Vanderhoof Pleads Nolle Contendere and Sentence is Suspended—Italian Highwaymen Get Seven Years.

The December term of criminal court which convened at the court house at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon was one of the lightest ever held in this county since the early oil excitement. Only one case was tried and the business of the court was finished yesterday forenoon, with the exception of motions which will be heard this afternoon.

At the opening of the session David Howells of Kane was made foreman of the grand jury and Constable W. P. Cline of Bradford was appointed as special officer to attend the grand jurors in their work.

The grand jury found a true bill against Joe Zaffino, the Italian who shot and killed Peter Marino at Clermont a few weeks ago. The trial of this case was put over until the February term of court.

The case of Dominico Cigar and Cormona Arsenia, two Italians who held up and robbed a party of Polish laborers near Bradford some time ago, and seriously wounding one of them, was the only case tried. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and each was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, ten dollars fine and undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary at Allegheny for not less than seven years nor more than ten years.

After a jury was drawn Asa Vanderhoof, charged with larceny of a sum of money from the vest pocket of a contractor at Norwich, entered a plea of nolle contendere and Judge Bouton suspended sentence upon him, upon his paying the costs and ordered that the money found upon his person be returned to the prosecutor.

Frank Tuohig pleaded guilty to two indictments for larceny of spoons, a coat, etc., was sentenced to pay the costs, $10 in fines and be imprisoned in the workhouse six months.

The grand jury returned not a true bill in the case of James Wilson, charged with larceny.

FIRES IN AUSTIN.

Two Houses Destroyed and Occupants Escaped With Injuries.

Potter Democrat: Last Monday flood-stricken Austin was visited by the fire fiend and two houses that had been recently occupied by sufferers from the flood, were burned with their contents.

The first house to burn was that of Harry Sykes on Costello avenue. Mr. and Mrs. George Guncheon, who had lost everything in the flood which destroyed Austin, had just moved in. About 11 o'clock Ray Evans was repairing the gas furnace when it exploded, burning Evans badly on the face and hands and setting fire to the house. Mrs. Guncheon ran into the house to save her few possessions and her daughter, Florence, ran after her mother. Not seeing her mother jump from a window of the first story, Florence ran to the second floor. Her means of escape were shut off, she jumped from a window and was badly injured.

About 3 o'clock the house of William Graham, whose only child, Mrs. Lena Ritchie, was lost in the flood, was discovered afire. Graham was asleep in the house and barely escaped with his life. He lost his personal property, his house and about $100.

DAVAULT ENTERTAINMENT CO.

At Lyceum Next Monday Evening, Dec. 18th—Benefit of Smethport Fire Department.

The second number of the series of entertainments given by the Antrim Entertainment Bureau, under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, and for the benefit of that organization, will be held next Monday evening, Dec. 18th, at the Lyceum. The Davault Entertainment Company which comes most highly recommended, is the company which will appear before our theatre-goers on that evening.

Miss Davault, who heads the company, appeared here last year as the reader with the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra, and made a pronounced hit with her clever readings.

This company will present readings by Miss Davault; sketches by the company, and music, ensemble and solo. That it will be a entertainment well worth seeing is a foregone conclusion.

Season tickets for the remaining three numbers in the course may be purchased from Guy McCoy at the very small price of 75 cents. Everybody should buy a ticket and thus assist the fire department and at the same time enjoy these splendid entertainments.

LEWIS ISHERWOOD KILLED.

Train Runs Down Nephew of County Treasurer Isherwood.

Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 9.—A special to the Post from Randolph says:

Lewis Isherwood was run over and killed by an Erie freight train yesterday. The fatality occurred at the Mill Cut crossing, four miles northwest of Randolph. The deceased was 26 years of age and unmarried. His parents are dead, but a sister and grandparents reside in Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Mr. Isherwood had been working with a gang pressing hay in the vicinity of the accident, and their job at one place was completed Thursday evening. In company with Patrick Corbett, Mr. Isherwood went to Jamestown Thursday night on train 101. He started back during the night on a freight train and it is presumed he attempted to jump off at the Mill Cut crossing to go to work, when he was caught under the wheels. His skull was crushed and death was instantaneous.

Mr. Isherwood came to Randolph [illegible] young lad and [illegible] home with Bert Mack at East Randolph.

The unfortunate young man was a nephew of County Treasurer Frank P. Isherwood of this place, who attended the funeral on Saturday.

BABY SCALDED.

Death Follows Fall Headfirst Into Water—Mother's Back Turned.

Warren, Dec. 11.—It was an awful death that the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Allenson of Sheffield met. Attracted by a shiny, steel pail, filled with boiling water, the child walked up to it, and while peering in lost its equilibrium and plunged in head foremost. The head was frightfully scalded, death resulting.

The fatality happened while the mother's back was turned for an instant. Baby had been amusing itself in sundry ways, the new pail finally catching the bright eyes of the infant, it trudged alongside. The mother looked behind her at about the moment the baby fell into the hot water. With screams she ran to her loved one's assistance and pulled the terribly suffering little one from the pail. The baby was still conscious, though the flesh was practically cooked. A surgeon was called, but though he worked untiringly on the child, death followed.

HE FINED HIMSELF.

A New Jersey Judge Who Believes the Law Should Be Respected.

The peculiar spectacle of a judge fining himself for a violation of the law marked the court proceedings at South Orange, N. J., some days ago, much to the amazement and amusement of the people of that town. It seems, says Case and Comment, that one of the judge's teamsters hitched his "hoss" to a tree, which is contrary to law in Orange, and when the judge found it out he called himself up to the bar, reprimanded himself, and dug down in his jeans and "coughed" up a $5 bill. This was his monologue:

"——— ———, you are charged by Patrolman Abner with allowing one of your employes to tie his horse to a tree on Church street, this village. How do you plead to the charge, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"I fine you $5."

The judge pulled forth a bill and deposited it in a desk drawer, where he keeps the fine money while waiting to turn it over to the village treasurer.

And still they say that New Jersey is a queer place.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Suggestions to Shippers of Christmas Packages by Express.

1st. Ship your packages early—by the 15th of December if possible. The express company will give you a small label to paste on the package reading: "Do not open until Christmas." This will give opportunity for the package to reach its destination before Christmas and give the additional pleasure to the recipient of the gift of having it on Christmas morning.

2nd. Use wooden boxes for packing, especially for glass and other fragile articles, which should be well protected. It may cost a few cents more, but the danger of damage will be very much reduced, and you should do your part to make the transportation of your gift safe.

3rd. Write the address in full—state, county, city, street and number—on the box or package, with ink or crayon. Tags are frequently torn off and lost.

4th. If you want to prepay the charges, write the word "Paid" in large, plain letters on the packages.

5th. Insist upon a receipt and see that the amount paid and the value is marked on the receipt and on the package.

6th. Write your own address in full somewhere on the package, following the prefix "From....."

7th. Enclose a card in each box or package reading:

From .....
.....
(Your address.)

To .....
.....
(Consignee's address.)

This in order that, should the outer markings be destroyed, the inner mark would insure prompt forwarding and delivery.

8th. If not convenient to ship in wooden boxes, use strong wrapping paper (not newspapers) and tie with [illegible]

9th. If package contains anything of perishable nature, write the word "Perishable" in large plain letters on the box or package, which will call for special attention and delivery.

If you will observe these suggestions, you will greatly assist in the prompt delivery of your gift in good condition.

FARMERS' WEEK.

It Begins at State College on Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Farmers' week at the Pennsylvania State College has become one of the established features of work in that practical institution. Many hundreds of the more progressive farmers of the State gather at State College during that week to listen to discussions of various phases of farming. This year the lectures will begin Wednesday, December 27th and will close Wednesday, January 3rd. One hundred and ten lectures will be given by fifty-two scientists and practical men. Some of the most widely known authorities in agriculture are on the program which is exceptionally good this year. Our readers should write to "School of Agriculture, State College, Pa." for programs that will inform them regarding the lecturers and their subjects. Anyone who has ever attended one of these Farmers' Week meetings knows their value to practical men, but there are thousands of farmers who should avail themselves of this opportunity for meeting with the leaders in the best agricultural practices. This conference of farmers is divided into sections so that horticulturists, dairymen, animal-husbandrymen, general farmers, etc., may give all their time during the week to the particular line of subjects that interests them. Send for the program and go to State College for his Farmers' Week.

The work accomplished in Agriculture at the Clarion State Normal School during last year attracted much attention and was favorably commented on by superintendents and others in position to judge teachers' work. This work will be enlarged upon during the Winter Term which opens January 2nd. In addition to the regular school work, classes will be organized in Rural Sociology, Agriculture, Methods of Teaching Drawing and Music, and students will be given an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the new School Code. Write The Principal, Clarion, Pa., for Outline of Special Courses. 1t

Advertise in The Miner.

His Man Friday

He Blunders Into His Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Lewis Warren's new bungalow was perched on a pine covered knoll on the shore of the lake.

There were several bungalows about the beautiful little lake, and here and there jutted forth a narrow pier around which clustered gayly painted canoes or brass fitted motorboats and from June until September the little summer colony fished and boated and bathed and then, suddenly, when the first week in September came the cottages would be closed and there would be no sign of life except the little wild animals that came to drink at the water's edge and the birds flitting among the pines.

Lewis Warren had built the bungalow for a retreat wherein to spend solitary days that would restore the energy he had lost during busy weeks down in the heart of the big city.

He went up there in June for a brief visit and hastily turned the key in his door and departed—to return again late in September when his neighbors had flitted cityward. On this brilliant morning, when the sky seemed newly washed in blue and the little lake gayly reflected azure heaven and green earth, Lewis took from his Japanese servant a basket of lunch and went down to his own pier. The lunch, together with fishing rod and basket, was tossed into the bottom of a canoe, and Lewis stepped in and paddled slowly over to the island.

To have a whole month to himself in the most glorious season of the year, when every day is golden and the nights are cool and made for sweet, sound sleep, seemed too good to be true, and at last, haunted by the fear that there might be some cottager lurking near by who might suddenly start his phonograph blaring into the delicious silence, Lewis started on a tour of the island skirting the beach in his walk.

Then all at once he stopped short and fastened his gaze on the damp sand at the water's edge.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he ejaculated in an injured tone. "I had a feeling that somebody was around. Can't lose me on that premonition business."

There under his very nose was impressed a footprint, the mark of a small bare foot, evidently that of a boy, and close beside it was another and another and still another of the same feet. Some of the footprints appeared to lead straight into the water, and others evidently climbed the sandy slope and were lost among the brown needles that strewed the ground.

"Somebody left those footprints on the sand, and that not so very long ago. I suppose the rascal is hiding in the trees up yonder. I may as well follow this trail among the spruces."

The trail was soon lost among the needles, and as there were a dozen little paths winding among the spruces it was no easy matter to decide which one to follow. Lewis soon tired of hunting for the trespasser and concluding that, whoever he was, the boy would probably not disturb him now that his presence had been discovered, the young man returned to his canoe and the neglected fishing.

He had just landed a shining lake trout when a distant splash attracted his attention. He turned his canoe and paddled around to the southern shore just in time to see a small dark head bobbing above the surface of the water, with now and then the flash of a bare foot as the swimmer drew nearer the mainland.

Lewis chuckled softly to himself, amused at the lad's hasty flight. "He doesn't know he's my man Friday," he grinned as he paddled back once more.

The day had been badly broken up by his uneasy wanderings, and now, after his luncheon was disposed of and he had spent an hour with pipe and book, he returned home resolved to come back the next day and enjoy the full measure of a lazy day.

Another glorious day dawned. He made his usual landing, fastening his craft to a weather beaten stake thrust in the sand. Then he carried book and basket around to the sunny southern shore and stretched himself on the sand. The water looked cool and inviting, but swimming was a diversion he had been obliged to forego the past year on account of a severe attack of rheumatism, which gripped him cruelly at the first impact of cold water.

Suddenly there bobbed into his range of vision a green canoe, untenanted and idly floating toward the mainland. It was several moments before it occurred to him that his own craft might have gone adrift, and when he went to look his fears were verified. The ancient stake had snapped asunder at the water line, and now he could see it floating along in the wake of the canoe.

"No use yelling to Taku. He'd only get excited and tumble in the soup kettle. He can't help me, and I can't help myself. Here I must stay until I am rescued, and I wouldn't be a bit disappointed to see that man Friday! Wish I hadn't scared him off—serves me right."

Shortly afterward a stone rolling down into the water startled him to a sitting posture just in time to see a flash of bare feet disappearing among the spruces far down the beach. He followed his impulse and went after the trespasser. When he reached the spot he could plainly distinguish the little wet footprints leading straight up into the thicket of spruces. He halted there at the foot of the embankment.

"Hi, there, man Friday!" he called good naturedly.

There was no reply. Not a sound broke the stillness.

"I saw you that time, my boy. Don't try any game on me. I won't hurt you."

"H'm!" A voice startled him from the gloom of the thicket not three yards distant.

"Ah, skeptical, are you, son? Well, listen to this—my canoe's gone adrift and I can't recover it on account of being old and rheumatic. I've discovered your footprints on the sand of my island, and therefore you're my man Friday. Today's Friday, you know. Don't you want to swim over and get my canoe for me, and then come back and have luncheon on the shore?" Lewis' voice was alluring.

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe!" chuckled the voice from the thicket, but its owner made no attempt to come forth.

"Will you get the canoe?" persisted Lewis. "I think there's chicken pie in the basket."

"I'll get it for you if you will go back and stay on the beach," parleyed the voice after awhile.

"Very well, Friday; I'll go borrow my head in the sand if you insist. I'm quite at your mercy. Exit Robinson Crusoe." Lewis grinned to himself as he went back to his pipe and book. Studiously turning his back to the lake and the strip of beach to his left, he enveloped himself in clouds of smoke and presently quite forgot his man Friday and the errand upon which he had been sent.

A pebble struck him squarely between the shoulder blades and brought him to his feet. The canoe was beached nearby, and sitting in it, a tarpaulin thrown over her knees, was a girl. Lewis stared at her with slowly rising color, while she gazed with dark laughing eyes. Her face was tinted daintily by sun and wind, and her red lips were parted above perfect teeth.

"I—beg your pardon," Lewis managed to ejaculate. "Are you—did you—I thought I was speaking to a boy." He knew the girl was enjoying his embarrassment.

She shook her head with a charming smile. "No excuses, Mr. Warren. Friday has reclaimed the canoe for you and expects a piece of chicken pie."

"Of course—of course I am honored," assured Lewis after he brought forth the luncheon basket, and he blessed the fastidious Taku for the dainty arrangement of the viands, the crisp paper napkins, the surprise of delicious fruit.

He did not invite her to leave the canoe, because he knew that the tarpaulin covered her pretty pink and white feet, and he had thought they belonged to a boy! He waited on her eagerly and forgot to eat as he watched her consume the luncheon.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing in the canoe," he said at length. "I would have been marooned here all night if you hadn't overlooked my presumption and swam after it. I hope you won't take cold." He looked at the pretty blue bathing dress, with its elbow sleeves displaying slender brown arms.

"Dear me, no; I'm in and out of the water a dozen times a day. I'm enjoying it all I can this week, because we break camp next Thursday and return to town. Father and I returned from Europe only two weeks ago. As soon as he had learned that you had bought the other end of the lake—our camp is at the west end—he went over to call. That was yesterday, and he did not find you at home. He's gone over again today, and he won't find you at home."

Lewis looked puzzled and happy at the same time.

"Your father knows me?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, yes. I forgot to tell you who I am. I'm Freda Lanson, and father's Homer Lanson. He and your father used to be business partners."

"Oh, of course. Isn't that great?" Lewis was growing enthusiastic. He had known Homer Lanson for years, but never had met the only child which composed his family. Once in awhile the two men had dined together at some restaurant, and it always happened to be on the elder Warren's birthday, and in this way Lewis Warren kept a connecting link between his father's memory and the man with whom he had been in business.

"I'm sorry you've bought this island. We used to consider it public property," observed Freda as she suddenly slipped into the water and prepared to swim across to the mainland. "I hope you won't put up 'No Trespassing' signs on the beach."

Lewis blushed as he recollected his irritation of the day before. Then he recovered his self possession. "The island belonged to Friday as much as Robinson Crusoe," he said, laughing.

"Thank you," she turned back over her shoulder. "Au revoir, Robinson Crusoe!"

"Goodby, Miss Friday," called Lewis, and he stood there watching her until a curve of the shore hid her dark head from view. "Friday—Freda—Friday—there's something coincident about those names. I believe I'm having another premonition, and I'll help it along until—until!"— He smiled whimsically as he walked back to the canoe, and, although he never finished the sentence, it is a significant fact that he always called her Friday, even after he had earned the right to call her his wife.

A Mysterious Message

It Came Over a Wire, but Was Doubtless Wireless

By WILLARD B. CHURCH

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The first blizzard of the season came in November, an early date for a winter storm, and, what was more unusual still, it was the most severe of the season. Farmer Hardwick, sitting beside the stove in his living room, listened to the howling wind thrashing the leafless branches of the trees and hurling the snow like a sand blast against his window panes. A telegraph pole stood on the roadside in front of and very near to his house, and it seemed to him that the sounds made by the rushing currents of air were the wails of lost spirits.

Hardwick, like most farmers of the present day, was connected by telephone with his neighbors. The instrument was placed in an addition to his house used for everything pertaining to a farm, from matches to firewood, from a gimlet to a grindstone, from a jug of vinegar to a cask of cider. There were openings through to this universal "catchall," and the doors between standing open, Hardwick heard some one calling up a number of a telephone subscriber. The voice was a man's, but didn't sound like that of any of the men on the farm. As soon as the speaker was connected with the number he had asked for he spoke one sentence quickly, but Hardwick could not hear what he said.

Only a few moments had elapsed between the call and the communication when Hardwick got up from his chair and went through the rooms to where the telephone was located to see who was using it. To his surprise, no one was there. The receiver hung in its place, and there was no indication that any one had been near it. Hardwick ran to the only door leading out into the yard and pulled it open, but no one was in sight.

"That's queer!" he muttered to himself and, going back to his seat by the stove, sat down to think about it.

At the time Farmer Hardwick heard the voice at his telephone Cicily Boardman, who was upstairs in her own home sewing in preparation for her coming wedding with Harvey Brown, heard above the storm a ring on the door below. Going down, she took up the receiver and, having spoken the usual "Well?" heard her lover's voice say to her:

"It's in the northeast corner of the smokehouse."

There was a click, followed by silence. She called again and again, but, receiving no answer, concluded that Harvey had been shut off in the mid- of what he was saying, and, hanging up the receiver, she went back to her work.

But since she could both work and think at the same time she pondered on what her lover had tried to communicate. There was nothing intelligible to her in the message she had received, and had not the voice been unmistakably her lover's she would have assumed that, using a party wire, she had heard that which had been intended for some one else. But Harvey's deep tones were too familiar to her to be mistaken for those of any other man. The message was so inexplicable that she began to feel a dread, though of what she did not know.

The next morning Cicily took up the work on her wedding garment with a singular despondency, mentally repeating the words "an impending calamity." Presently she heard some one without kicking off the snow, the front door open and a heavy step. Then followed muffled voices below. Cicily listened, her heart sinking like lead within her. A little later when her mother came into the room with dread on her face Cicily moaned:

"You don't need to tell me, mother; Harvey is dead."

The mother put her arms about her daughter, saying not a word.

Harvey Brown had started during the storm to walk from his home to that of his fiancee, a distance of two miles. The road led past Farmer Hardwick's house, and Brown's body was found buried in a drift under one of the telegraph poles not far from Hardwick's. Whether he had sunk down confused and benumbed by that interminable whirling of snow or whether his efforts to get on had brought on some sort of a stroke was not evident. The night had been very cold, and it was thought that, bewildered and exhausted, he had stopped to rest and had been frozen.

Cicily and her mother were in straitened circumstances. Harvey Brown not only owned the house in which he lived, but had inherited a fortune invested in stocks and bonds. Cicily's approaching marriage with him had been looked forward to by her as a great relief. Harvey had suggested hastening the wedding that she might be his legal heir. The next of kin to him was the son of his father's brother, a ne'er-do-well, whom Harvey believed would stoop to any chicanery to get possession of the property at Harvey's death, to which, without a will or a wedding, he would be the lawful heir. This man, Peter Brown, might secure and destroy a will, but he could not annul a marriage. For this reason Harvey was anxious to have the ceremony performed.

Providence having taken the intended bridegroom, no wife interfered with Peter's legal possession. A will alone could do that. A search among Harvey's papers revealed no document bearing upon the disposition of his property. Peter was recognized as the sole heir by the court of chancery, but was astonished to find none of those securities that his cousin was reputed to have possessed, not even a deed to the homestead, appeared among the deceased's papers. However, this was a valuable piece of property, and Peter Brown moved into it.

Cicily Boardman was overwhelmed by her loss. At first her mind dwelt solely on the blighting of her life. It was not till later that her loss of fortune occurred to her. Even a competency would have made a great difference to her and her mother, who was in feeble health. But gradually she rose above both these misfortunes so far as to take hold of the world again and perform the work Providence had allotted her. She had but just resigned a position as teacher in the county school. After her fiance's death she resumed it.

Cicily knew little about the Brown estate, except that Harvey had told her that it was of considerable value. When she had resumed a condition to enable her to think about worldly affairs and heard that the estate had turned out to be of much less value than had been expected she was surprised. Could her lover have misrepresented the matter to her? The supposition was not to be entertained for a moment. She had dwelt almost to brooding on the words she had heard in his voice, or a voice very like his, as in some way connected with his death, but no interpretation to them had occurred to her. When she was told that Harvey had left no fortune except the Brown homestead an explanation of the message telephoned to her on the day of his death flashed into her brain.

"It's in the northeast corner of the smokehouse."

What smokehouse? There was no smokehouse on the Brown property. She and her mother occupied a few acres of ground that had formerly contained the buildings of a farm. A smokehouse was, besides the dwelling, the only building left. Had Harvey while waiting for his wedding been seized with a presentiment that he might die unmarried and, remembering that in this case his cousin would get all his property, buried something for her in the smokehouse? Taking up a pick and shovel, she went into the smokehouse and began to dig.

She had but to remove a few inches of earth when she came to one of those tin boxes commonly used for keeping documents. Taking it up, she ran with it into the house and up into her room. The box was locked, but the key was tied to the wire handle on the lid. Opening the box, she took out bonds, stock certificates and lastly a deed to the Brown homestead. One paper remained on the bottom, contained in an envelope sealed with wax. It was addressed to Cicily. Tearing it open, she took out a folded paper indorsed in printed letters, "Last will and testament of," and in writing "John Harvey Brown." Unfolding the document, Cicily read a few words bequeathing all the testator's possessions of every kind to her.

But why had her lover not told her that he had left the box in the smokehouse? Gradually a probable explanation came to her. Harvey feared that in the event of his death before his marriage his cousin, even if Harvey made a will in her favor, might get possession of the document and destroy it. Harvey was a secretive man and might not have intended to speak of the buried box if no necessity arose for doing so.

And here came up the mystery of the telephone message. Had not Harvey when caught in the storm been aware of his danger, gone into a house where there was a telephone and sent the message? But this theory would not hold, for if he could go into a house he might remain there and be out of danger. Moreover, if Harvey had sent the message from any house on the route he was known to have traversed the fact could be ascertained.

Cicily handed the will into the court of chancery and was put in possession of her property. One day she drove over the road from the Brown homestead to the place where Harvey's dead body had been found looking for houses in which there were telephones. The only instrument was in Farmer Hardwick's. She interviewed Hardwick, heard his story, and the two stood face to face with a deeper mystery than the one that had thus far puzzled them.

Cicily Boardman has not married and will never marry. She occupies the Brown homestead alone since her mother died, living a life of solitude. She is known as a woman whose mind is normal on all subjects save one. That one is a belief that she received a telephone message from her fiance after his death. Farmer Hardwick lent color to the story she tells so long as he lived, but even his corroboration failed to convince any one of Cicily Boardman's sanity.

There are a few—advanced thinkers—who, believing in the possibility of communication of the dead with the living, claim that there are natural methods for such communication as real, as was wireless telegraphy before the latter was discovered, and that some day a new law will come to light by means of which we may speak with friends in another sphere with no more astonishment than we now talk through the air with those on another continent.

Two Rings

The One Led to the Other

By F. A. MITCHEL

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In the city of Charleston during the middle of the last century a young girl sat in a window opening on to a garden. She was not one of the delicate willowy creatures of whom poets love to sing, but a magnificently formed, tall woman with a remarkably handsome face. Though the year was nearly spent, the leaves on the trees had not yet all fallen, and a balmy breeze came up from the south. The garden into which Margaret Lemoine looked belonged to an adjoining house, and two gentlemen were smoking on a rustic bench almost directly beneath the window she occupied. They were both young men of the world and were chatting about social matters. Charles Thibadeaux was speaking.

"The northern city I most fancy is America," he said, "is New York. At least it is to me less objectionable, particularly considered, than other northern cities. But my delight is our own beloved New Orleans. In the Crescent City the men are brave to recklessness and the women are beautiful. I spent last winter there."

"Who was the most beautiful woman in New Orleans society last winter?" asked the speaker's companion, Edward Remington.

"The most beautiful woman, to my thinking, was a widow—a Mrs. Lemoine. Though nearly forty, she retained her youthful appearance. She was a queenly beauty, tall, splendidly formed and with a face devoid of a single wrinkle. But I am sorry to say there were unpleasant things said about her. Some past indiscretion had cast a blemish upon her good name."

Margaret Lemoine paid no attention to what the young men were saying till she heard her mother's name spoken; then naturally she pricked up her ears. When she heard the aspersion cast upon her mother's good name the blood rushed to her cheek and her eyes lit with a sudden fire. She leaned forward to hurl back the accusation, but words failed her. The young men, unconscious of what was above them, smoked on. Miss Lemoine withdrew from the window and began to pace the floor.

"It is time" she said, "that this woman's slanderers received a check. But how? Oh, that she were a man as I were a man! Women are defenseless against each other. Men can at least die in defense of their good name. Tom had lived he could have made the man who has treated mother's good name so lightly eat his words. Why was I not born a soldier?"

Yielding to an impulse, she seated herself before a writing desk and dashed off the following:

I have overheard your aspersions on the good name of one I love and respect. I demand warfare of satisfaction as you may be able to afford me. Since I prefer to remain incognito I shall conduct my own side of this affair. If you are not a coward write me making an appointment for a meeting. MARK RENARD.

Hastily folding the paper on which this communication was inconsiderately written, Margaret went to the window and tossed it at the feet of the young men. Both reached for it, but Thibadeaux secured it. Then after a glance upward and with no sight of any one who might have thrown it he read its contents aloud to his friend. The two looked at each other with a serious expression.

"Ned," said Thibadeaux presently, "I don't like the situation."

"Nor I. In listening to your remarks I am as culpable as you who have made them."

"You have nothing to do with the matter. The responsibility rests on me."

After a conference it was decided that Thibadeaux should write a note to this Mark Renard, whoever he might be, and it should be left at the door of the house from which the note had been thrown. It said that the writer acknowledged himself to be blamable in repeating a scandal for which he had no proof and apologized therefor. If after this apology Mr. Renard still insisted on a meeting his demand could not be denied. A reply would be looked for the next afternoon, sent in the same way as the first message.

Naturally Thibadeaux was desirous of knowing something of the mysterious challenger. Early in the afternoon appointed for the reply he took position behind the blinds of a window commanding a view of the house from whence it should come. In time he saw a shutter open just far enough for a hand to pass through and toss a note on to the bench on which he had sat the day before. The distance was too great for him to discover that the hand was delicately formed, but he saw something that astonished him. The sunlight striking it was sent back in a bright flash. Evidently Mr. Renard wore a jeweled ring.

Men seldom wear rings unless they are seals, which are not likely to sparkle. Therefore Charles Thibadeaux was not long in divining that his correspondent was a woman. All thoughts of a bloody encounter vanished, and in their place came a desire to know more of his fair challenger. He sauntered into the garden, picked up the note and, returning to his room, read it:

Only one devoid of a sense of honor will speak lightly of a woman's good name. I am determined to show those engaged in spreading this calumny that it cannot be done with impunity. I therefore insist on satisfaction.

Thibadeaux after much thought threw the note down, saying to himself:

"The satisfaction I will give you, dear lady, if I find you as attractive as my imagination paints you is another ring to be worn on the third finger of your left hand."

The young man mused on, considering every possible method of procedure. At first he was inclined to meet his challenger on the field and there make it known that he knew her sex. But he feared that she might be further irritated. Before the day was done he had decided on his course. He wrote her as follows:

It is not by receiving your fire, my dear sir, that I can atone for my fault, but by hunting down the perpetrator of this scandal. I received it from a woman and am confident it originated in a woman. If within three months I do not bring you a retraction from its originator I will not deny you the satisfaction you demand. I shall look for your reply at the same hour tomorrow.

The next afternoon Thibadeaux watched Miss Lemoine's window through a pair of glasses and saw the hand much more clearly than before. This time the note was thrown by the left hand.

"Not married and not engaged," the watcher remarked to himself with satisfaction. "I'm pleased to notice that the third finger is unoccupied."

The note had evidently been written in an exuberance of delight and was consequently a dead give away.

Your proposition is accepted. You have shown yourself to be a noble man. If I were a woman I'm sure I should fall in love with you.

"Thank you," remarked Thibadeaux. "That's exactly what I wish you to do."

After writing one more note, stating that he was leaving for New Orleans and hoped within the specified time to bring the vindication, he made ready for his departure.

But two of the three months had elapsed when Miss Lemoine received the following note from the man who was to vanish the slander or fight:

I have you beg with an acknowledgment from Miss Lemoine's brother that there was no truth in the story she circulated. I am sorry, however, to clash my sister sir, with your good opinion of me expressed in a letter written before my departure was telephoned. I acquired this retraction by dishonorable means. I made love to the woman who wrote it, accused her of misrepresenting the facts in this case and agreed to forgive her only upon her written confession. I am yours unworthily.

CHARLES F. THIBADEAUX.

Having dispatched this self accusing epistle, the writer waited impatiently for a reply. It was this:

I assure you, sir, that by your conduct you have not only relieved me and the subject of the confession of a burden, but you have shown yourself, notwithstanding your own opinion of your act, too honorable, too lovely, for anything. Your deception was perfectly excusable. I shall always respect and admire you for it. It is needless for me to add that my challenge is withdrawn.

Thibadeaux chuckled over this letter with its manlike beginning and its feminine ending. He was anxious to get a glimpse of this lady who had sent him a challenge to mortal combat and thus declared that she respected and admired him for an act upon which his sensitive conscience was not quite clear. So he wrote another note, begging that he might meet Mr. Renard and apologize in person for the wrong he had done in reporting a slander.

Thibadeaux had resided in Charleston but a few days before receiving the challenge, and after sending it Miss Lemoine had kept herself very dark. Then he had left Charleston, and upon his return his enemy had gone again into hiding. Consequently he was still in ignorance as to whether she were an aged spinster or a young girl, whether comely or homely. Therefore he was much relieved and pleased at receiving a note that Mr. Renard would "be happy to receive a call from Mr. Thibadeaux on the next afternoon at 5 o'clock." They could drink a cup of tea together, and Mr. Renard could express his sense of obligation to Mr. Thibadeaux for the vindication he had procured.

Since Mr. Thibadeaux never drank anything weaker than wine, the offer of tea was not as alluring as the anticipated vision of the woman who had brought about the approaching acquaintance by proposing to kill him. On the appointed afternoon he called on Mr. Renard and sent in his card.

He had prepared himself to feign surprise on seeing a woman instead of a man, but when the queenly Margaret came into the room there was no need of pretense. The splendor of her presence quite took his breath away.

"I did not dream you would be so beautiful," he exclaimed.

"What!" she replied, starting. "Did you know me to be a woman?"

"Not till I saw a ring sparkle on the hand that dropped the challenge. For heaven's sake, what did you mean by taking such a course?"

"I meant to fight you disguised as a man."

"If you had made no better pretense in man's clothes than in writing a man's letter you would not have deceived me."

"Did I give myself away in that?" she asked, coloring.

"Certainly! It was first your hand, then your heart, that gave you away. Men do not write with the same feeling as women."

"'All's well that ends well,'" she said, smiling.

A few months later Charles Thibadeaux slipped on the third finger of her left hand the ring he had promised himself he would put there.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

as ever headquarters for everything

Standard Jewelry.
If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock
at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,
Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For FIRST CLASS GROCERIES AND FRUITS Go To **Brasted's**

Look at these two pictures:—The difference is great—the different kind of oil used. If you want the steady, clear light always order the best oil—

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

Triple refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Costs little more than inferior tank wagon oils—saves money, saves trouble—saves your eyes. Your dealer has Family Favorite Oil in barrels direct from our refineries.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.
FREE—200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Do your holiday shopping early and avoid the rush.

—Read the new advertisement of E. W. Strong in this issue.

—Read the new holiday advertisement of H. W. Rubin in this issue.

—Davault Entertainment Company at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—The holiday goods displays in the stores this year are unusually attractive.

—Christmas things for men and boys are advertised by H. W. Rubin in this issue.

—Attend the Christmas sale and supper given by the Ladies' Aid Society at the M. E. church this afternoon and evening.

—Attend the Davault Entertainment Company at the Lyceum next Monday evening, for the benefit of the Smethport Fire Department.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale in J. S. McCarthy's meat market Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 o'clock.

—Buy Red Cross seals. The money raised will assist in supporting Bon Air sanatorium at Bells Camp, which is your sanatorium in case you or your friends ever need its services.

—The penny social given by the Epworth League at the M. E. chapel last Friday night was well attended and everybody had a good time. A goodly sum was netted on this occasion.

—"The Judgment of Truth" will be the morning subject at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning. The evening subject will be, "The Ring of Gyges." Cordial invitation to the public.

—The cantata given by the juvenile Sunday school class at St. Luke's parish house under the direction of Miss May Choate and Mrs. Sarah Richmond was well attended and a decided success. All of the little ones did themselves proud in their parts.

—The B., R. & P. Railway company has received from the Pullman company three new cafe cars. The cars are of the latest and most improved design and contain every convenience. The new diners will be placed on the through trains between Pittsburgh and Rochester, and the cars now in use on these trains will be put into service on the local trains.

—There is considerable activity just at the present time in the fourth sand pool at Lewis Run. The little gang that is presided over by Burges Lonney, has become a very lively community since the search for fourth sand oil has started. There are seven strings of tools in the Lewis Run pool and within a few days all will be running, says the Bradford Star-Record.

—The Davault Entertainment Company should be greeted with a crowded house next Monday evening at the Lyceum. These entertainments are held under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, and should be attended by every citizen who has the good of the town at heart, for the proceeds go to purchasing equipment for the department, which makes the department better able to cope with fires.

—The six hunters who were arrested by a State Warden last Sunday and who were held for a hearing last evening at 7 o'clock, before Alderman Knapp of the Second ward, appeared at the hour appointed. They were represented by J. P. Ryan, Esq. After listening to the evidence submitted Alderman Knapp found insufficient reason for holding the men for court and all were discharged.—Bradford Star-Record.

—It's tough to be sent up for life," said a sentimental friend, referring to the McNamara case. Well, there are other things that are worse, and one is to be a poor little bus horse and be driven by an irresponsible young Simon Legree with a big whip, and but little if any conception of the word "humane," who is trying day after day to make two trains at the same time, that are a mile apart. Worn to the bone by its slavery, whenever I see such an animal (which is often), standing with panting sides, dilated nostrils, and drooping head, my heart is stirred in sympathy for it, says Notes and Observations in the Kane Republican.

—Thanksgiving day as the family of A. L. Harrington of Sweden Valley were together in the dining room, they heard an unusual noise in the sitting room. Mr. Harrington opened the door and saw his valuable bird dog frothing at the mouth and snapping at the curtains and furniture. Getting his shot gun he had the family seek safety in another room. Quickly opening the sitting room door he sprang to a place out of reach of the maddened animal and as it emerged from the door, shot it dead. The condition of the dog had not been noticed before and it was fortunate that none of the family were bitten.—Potter Democrat.

—Ten years ago a farmer put his initials on a $1 bill, says the Lock Haven Republican. The next day he went to the nearest town and spent it with a merchant. Before the year was out he got the dollar bill back. Four times in six years the dollar came back to him for produce and three times he heard of it in the pockets of his neighbors. The last time he got it back was four years ago. He sent it to a retail mail order house. He has never seen that dollar since, nor never will. That dollar will never pay any more school or road tax for him, will not build or brighten any of the homes in that community. He sent it entirely out of the circle of usefulness to himself and his neighbors.

—The Bradford Sunday Herald says: Eugene F. Comstock, a professional wrestler, who has wrestled in this city on two different occasions, is wanted by the police of Buffalo. The circumstances of the case are that he went to Buffalo and cultivated the acquaintance of an old gentleman named Frank P. Baum, and on November 13th, induced Baum to accompany him to Bradford to back him in a wrestling match, the old gentleman having $6 000 with him. On November 17th, they left Bradford for Salamanca and on the car the old man was taken suddenly sick and died shortly before reaching Salamanca. Comstock immediately disappeared before anyone knew of his connection with Mr. Baum. The $6,000 also disappeared as none of it was found in the man's effects after his death.

—That a little humor, like a little knowledge, may be a dangerous thing, is the belief of a Mormon who has traveled considerably. Although he has but one wife, he said he was continually asked how many wives he had. It was while running an industrial exposition in Tennessee that he got tired of the same old question and tried a new answer. Says he: "When a woman asked me how many wives I had, I'd reply, 'six; but if you'll say the word, I'll make it seven.' Usually they would squeal and run away, but one day a good-looking woman asked the question and got the answer. She smiled at me—a sugary, sticky, honey sort of grin—and went away. That night she came back with her sister. 'I'm willing,' she said, 'but, say, can't you marry sister, too?' You haven't any idea how hard it was to get that woman to see the joke."

THE CARE OF YOUNG TREES.

What To Do For Young Trees Received from the Nursery Too Late for Fall Planting.

At this time of year many persons are writing to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., asking for information as to what to do with young trees which they are receiving from nurseries, but which can not be painted owing to the freezing of the ground. They wish to know if they can be kept until spring, and if so, how. Such inquiries Professor Surface has replied to as follows:

"As long as the ground is not frozen hard, or is not too wet, you can plant the trees, and expect just as good, or ever better results, than though they were planted in the spring; but, of course, when the ground is closed by hard freezing it is impossible to think of planting them, and arrangements should then be made for holding them until it thaws. They can be planted at any time when it thaws enough to work the soil, but planters should be careful that the trees are not set when the ground is too wet.

"A damp cellar is a good place in which to keep trees over the winter. Three years ago I carried a cellar full during the entire winter with nothing over them but some sacking material, which was wet once or twice a month by throwing a little water over it just to help keep it damp. If the cellar is warm it should be cooled off by ventilation during cold weather.

"If no cellar is available one can dig through the forzen crust of earth and get down into the loose soil, and make a deep trench in which the trees can be heeled in by burying the roots to a half foot in depth greater than they grew. Let the earth be mounded up well around them forming a ridge, and it will not be necessary to use straw, as this may possibly attract and protect mice. In very cold regions, however, it will be better to cover the young trees with corn fodder or some other protecting material."

Thought Reading.

"Can I see you apart for a moment?"

"You mean alone, don't you?"

"Exactly; I want the loan of a fiver."
—London Bystander.

Not Too Good.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle — Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

Blessings.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

You will never get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round.—Atlanta Constitution.

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

460-470 Main St. Buffalo

Buy the Nicest Jewelry Here—Save Cost of Engraving!

Monday begins our 15th Sale of Christmas-Gift Jewelry—with thousands of articles in Sterling Silver, Solid Gold, Ebony, Ebonoid, Plated and Art Metals. You'll like the designing, because it's up-to-date; the prices are certain to suit everybody's purse—and we engrave **free** all Jewelry (and other Gifts) costing from 50c upward, with one, two or three script initials, according to price.

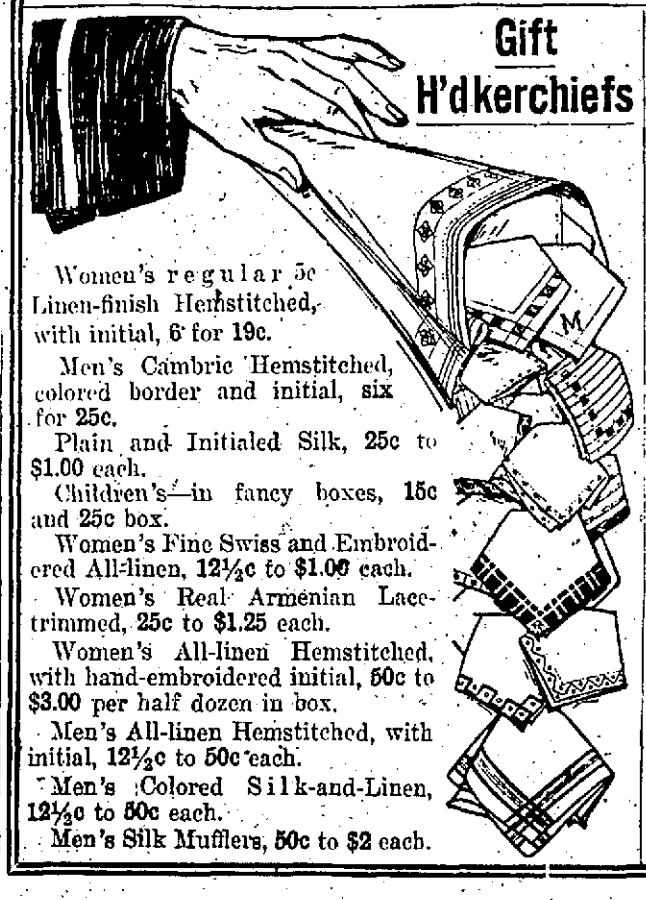
Women's $1.50 Sample Stockings, 98c

This is the third lot of McCallum's Silk Stocking Samples—usually selling at $1.50 pair—in black and fashionable colors, Monday 98c. She would be immensely pleased with such a gift!

Women's Fine Black Gauze Lisle Stockings, neatly embroidered, 50c pair.

Men's 75c Pure Silk Hose, with double lisle feet and tops—black and the favorite gift colors, 47 cents.

Gift H'dkerchiefs



Women's regular 5c Linen-finish Hemstitched, with initial, 6 for 19c.

Men's Cambric Hemstitched, colored border and initial, six for 25c.

Plain and Initialed Silk, 25c to $1.00 each.

Children's—in fancy boxes, 15c and 25c box.

Women's Fine Swiss and Embroidered All-linen, 12½c to $1.00 each.

Women's Real Armenian Lace-trimmed, 25c to $1.25 each.

Women's All-linen Hemstitched, with hand-embroidered initial, 50c to $3.00 per half dozen in box.

Men's All-linen Hemstitched, with initial, 12½c to 50c each.

Men's Colored Silk-and-Linen, 12½c to 50c each.

Men's Silk Mufflers, 50c to $2 each.

Gift Silks Half Price

Boston wholesaler found himself overstocked, and closed several lots to us, so that we are safe in cutting prices 50 per cent., saving you half!

59c Satin Foulards, rose, brown, blue and black grounds, neat and figures, 29c yar

23-inch 59c Figured Crepe de Chine, white ground, floral designs, 29c yard.

Yard-wide $1.00 Black Taffeta Silk, chiffon finish, 50c yard.

85c Black Silks, Jacquards and stripes, 50c yard.

27-inch 85c Black Satin Duchesse, 58c yard.

Foulard Dress Lengths, bordered designs, the desired colors, half price.

AN ECCENTRIC BUTCHER.

His Bills Were Queer, and So Were His Eating and Praying.

In 1729 there died at Romford, in Essex, England, a well known butcher of that town named Wilson. Mr. Wilson, it appears, was notable for his integrity in business and for the gentleness of his manners—two qualities which, perhaps, would scarcely have entitled him to the notice of posterity had he not also exhibited a remarkable addiction to psalmody, extraordinary proficiency in penmanship and a highly peculiar manner of eating his dinner.

Such butcher's bills as he sent to his customers had never been seen before and have never been seen since. They were all exquisitely written by his own hand, but the top line would be, perhaps, in German text, the second in Roman letters, simulating the finest print; beef would be in one style of writing, mutton in another, lamb in a third, while each of these kinds of meat would be still further distinguished by a different color of ink.

He was a great friend to the church, observing all its ordinances and a trifle more. Every Sunday he entertained the congregation with a solo, singing the psalms by himself until the minister came into the desk. And on every fast day, while all the rest of the congregation went home to their refreshment and rest, between morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but went about from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms until he had performed these favorite devotions in every pew in the church.

He had a large appetite and seemed determined that all Romford should know it; for, instead of sitting down quietly to dinner in his back parlor, he would usually sally forth into the street with a leg or shoulder of lamb in one hand, a large knife in the other, a small loaf of bread in his pocket and a handful of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint; and thus equipped would perambulate the town, eating as he went, until he had consumed the whole of this very substantial meal.—Chambers' Journal.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit

your account.

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for changes inspection.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1911.

There is a strong sentiment throughout the entire United States to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President next year and there are many who think he could be induced to run again. He certainly is the first choice of the people and would be elected almost by acclamation.

Congressman Wilson has introduced a bill asking an appropriation of $750,000 to relieve residents of Austin and Costello, who sustained losses when the big dam of the Bayless Pulp & Paper company broke on September 30, last, causing a loss of nearly 80 lives and doing millions of dollars of damage to property.

Gladstone Dowie, only son of John Alexander Dowie, founder of Zion City, and of the religious cult, with which it was populated, has deserted his father's creed, it was recently learned, and is studying for the Episcopalian ministry. Dowie is a graduate of several law schools and has practiced law in Michigan for several years.

On Sunday last Calbraith P. Rodgers, the transcontinental aviator, officially completed his ocean to ocean trip by flying in from Compton, eight miles away, where he was forced to temporarily abandon his dash several weeks ago when he fell and was painfully injured. He was given a great ovation by 50,000 people as he alighted in an alfalfa field on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

A terrible explosion took place in the Cross Mountain coal mine at Briceville, Tenn., last Saturday when between 85 and 100 men were entombed. Rescue parties have been constantly at work and their efforts have been rewarded by taking out five men alive, together with about 50 dead bodies. At first it was reported that 200 men were entombed in the ill-fated mine.

H. H. Redfield of this borough expects to be a candidate for member of Assembly from this county next year, and at this time we feel it is our duty to print a few facts relative to his candidacy for the same office in 1910, when he was defeated at the polls, which heretofore has not been published. In the spring of 1910 Mr. Redfield announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination, and made a winning fight as an independent Republican. Shortly after the Republican ticket was nominated the Keystone party sprung up as an independent party and nominated candidates for the various state offices to be elected, leaving the position of Members of Assembly blank with the understanding that the Democratic or Republican nominees, who were independent of the so-called "gang," would be endorsed by the Keystone party. When this information was given out Independent Republican friends of Mr. Redfield stated his position as an Independent Republican candidate and asked that he be endorsed by the Keystone party. The big guns of the Keystone party decided that his claim was just and that he might have the endorsement on one condition and that was that he pledge himself to support the whole Keystone ticket—in other words the committee of the Keystone party demanded that he prove his independence by bowing to the dictation of the Keystone bosses and betray the confidence of the party that had nominated him. Mr. Redfield had different ideas of the true meaning of the word-independent-and rejected their offer. He did not think an independent should be obliged to take orders from the big boss of any party, and he did not think he would be any more an independent if he took his orders from Boss Beery of the Keystone party than if he took his orders from Boss Penrose of the Republican party. Therefore, he stood his ground against both and met defeat like a man saying he had rather be defeated as such than be elected as a tool of any boss. The minute Mr. Redfield turned down Boss Berry's offer the henchmen of the Keystone boss passed out the word that Mr. Redfield had gone over to the Penrose gang and that was responsible for his defeat. There is many an independent voter in this county who now sees his mistake and therefore we think Mr. Redfield will be nominated, elected and go down to Harrisburg at the next session of the Legislature as a real independent Republican.

The kids say Holder has more dolls and toys for girls and boys than anybody, and the kids know.

MAINE WRECKED FROM OUTSIDE.

That is the Verdict Rendered by the Board of Inquiry.

Washington, Dec. 8.—"The board finds that the injuries to the bottom of the Maine were caused by the explosion of a low form of explosive exterior to the ship between frames 28 and 31, strake B portside. This resulting in igniting and exploding the contents of the pinch reserve magazine A-14-M, said contents including a large quantity of black powder. The more or less complete explosion of the contents of the remaining forward magazine followed. The magazine explositne resulted in the destruction of the vessel."

This report, setting officially and for all time the question as to how the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor in February, 1898, was made to-day by the joint army and navy board appointed by the secretary of the navy and dispatched to the scene of the explosion to determine the real facts.

Admiral Vreeland, chairman of the board, who has just returned from Havana, called on President Taft with Secretary of the Navy Meyer. He brought with him the full report of the board.

Admiral Vreeland explained verbally to the President just how according to the findings of the board the explosion took place. Late in the day Secretary Meyer gave out the foregoing statement.

A rent 20 feet wide and extending for 85 feet athwart ship across the bottom of the vessel was discovered about 300 feet from the bow. The fact that the frames were still in position, though much bent and twisted convinced the members of the board that a low form of explosive was used in bringing about the destruction of the vessel. Had a high explosive been employed there would have been nothing left as evidence of how the explosion occurred.

The report sustains the findings of the Sampson board, which was appointed in 1898 shortly after the Maine was blown up. The Sampson board located the exterior force which had been applied to the battleship at about frame 18 on the port side. The cofferdam which was built about the vessel to enable the present board to pursue its investigations, made it possible to locate the explosion more exactly.

The board brought with it from Havana a model of the ruined battleship as it stands to-day.

The model which is about 12 feet long shows the ship practically sundered between frames 24 and 31. This model with another showing the forward part of the vessel as it existed before the explosion have been used in demonstration of the explosion.

Last night Secretary Meyer called before him Admiral Vreeland and Rear Admiral Watts, chief naval constructor and also a member of the board. These two officials by means of the models explained the explosion to the secretary and to Admirals Cowe and Wainwright, Rear Admiral Potter, Commander Philip Andrews and all the important officials of the department.

The report of the board states that the chief value of its labors lies in the discovery that the explosion which caused the destruction of the Maine came from the outside, and that a low and not a high form of explosive was used in whatever engine of destruction was employed.

The terrific forces which brought about the complete demolition of the ship, piling up great masses of wreckage on both sides and wrenching asunder like so much sheet iron the massive plates and frames that composed the battleship, proceeded from the Maine's own magazines, which were exploded by the force that came from the initial explosion under the vessel's bottom.

The report is particularly gratifying to the navy department, most of whose officers have believed firmly in the findings of the Sampson board. Rear Admiral Wainwright, who was present at the demonstration to-day, was executive officer of the Maine on the night of the explosion. Rear Admiral Sigsbee, who was then her commander, is retired.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending December 9, 1911:

Kimball, Mr. E.
Miller, Mr. Arthur.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Horses for Sale.

Nine horses from 850 to 1200 pounds each. Also work Harness, and single and double driving Harness. Time will be given to responsible parties.

A. T. PALMER, No. 201 Water St., Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1911-3t

Subscribe for The Miner.

SANTA CLAUS

Has Opened Headquarters at WELL'S DRUG STORE

As has been the custom for upwards of Twenty Years Santa Claus has again opened headquarters at this store for the benefit of old and young who appreciate good gifts at Christmas time. The Jolly old fellow has completely filled the store from top to bottom, with the best to be found in his unexhaustable pack. It is not often that Santa Clause dicides to leave such a large and complete line of his goods in one store but he knows that we have always delivered the goods and that is what he wants.

Toilet Articles and Hand Bags

Are much in favor with the ladies this year and the line on display excells anything in this section.

Gifts for Men

Are as a rule hard to select, but you will have no trouble after visiting this store. The display is exceptionally large and attractive.

Dolls, Big and Little

It is well worth your while to see our display. We have hundreds of them-Bisque dolls that open and close their eyes and do almost everything but talk; unbreakable dolls, that are the pride of the really little ones, and all the other dolls.

Toys and Games

Here is where we really do shine above all competitors. Never was there anything like them in town. Everything you can think of and a lots you never heard of. Don't fail to see this line.

Pictures and Frames

This line is unusually choice and well selected.

Tree Trimmings

All that you could want is these novelties.

Come Early

H. C. WELLS

The Old Stand. Smethport, Pa.

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.

Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLESS" Cars

FISK TIRES

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., Smethport, Pa.

DOLLS DOLLS!

Crying Dolls
Talking Dolls
Every kind of Dolls

—AT—

The Bissett Store

Look at our Sweet Grass Basket

A FEW SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Ladies take Notice:

Neckties in Xmas Boxes
Mens Garters in Combination Sets
Silk Sox
Initial Handkerchiefs
Bath Robes
Suit Cases
Overcoats
Suits
Hats
Shirts
Everything to wear for the men and boys.

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

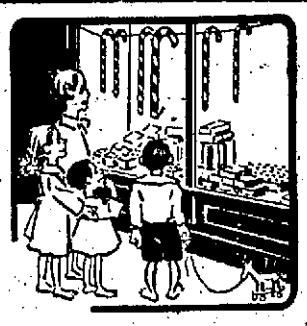
HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business



THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS

than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Play Pocket Base Ball

A brand New Game of Skill—exciting, fun-making and fascinating to young and old. Is indestructible and can be carried in the vest pocket.

HAS ALL the POINTS of REGULAR BASE BALL

You Can Make (Put Outs, Strike-Outs, Runs, Base Hits, Etc.) One or any number can play. One team may match another. Simple Instructions

Become a Champion. We will arrange to have you or your team matched if you will issue a challenge. Anybody can play, but it takes skill to become expert.

MOTHERS, Here's the Chance to give the boys the very thing they want at a less price than you could possibly please them in any other way. Give each of the boys a POCKET BASE BALL GAME for Christmas presents—he can play it by himself, or any number that have these games may choose sides and play as teams.

Everybody that Likes Base Ball will be delighted with this fascinating game. It teaches the boys patience and determination and develops a steady hand and a quick eye.

BOYS, GET UP A WINTER GAME. You'll have more fun than you ever did before.

To Introduce this fascinating game we will for 25 cents and the names of your leading toy dealer and druggist send you a game with full instructions of play. SEND TO-DAY, this offer is for right now.

ESPE SALES COMPANY, - Nashville, Tennessee

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

Only Fourteen More Shopping Days and Christmas will be Here.

We have nearly every shade of ribbon to finish that fancy bag and the many other things you use ribbon for at this time—Christmas ribbons of all shades.

POST CARDS—We have by a fortunate purchase procured one cabinet of Christmas post cards, put up 12 in a package, not any two alike. For only, per pkt of 12, ... 10c

XMAS CARDS to tie on packages and seal, 10 in a pkt. for ..... 5c and 10c per pkt.

HANKERCHIEFS—We have a large and complete line in ladies and gents from 5c up including the all linen 10c, 15c, 25c 50c and up to $1.00 each. Embroidered, Hemstitched, Plain and Initial ones.

CALENDARS—Put in nice cards. Just right to mail come at 5c, 10c, 15c, and 25c each.

CHRISTMAS FOLDERS—and letters from 5c to 25c each.

LINENS—A large assortment of towels from 5c to $1.00 each. Center pieces, lunch cloths, doilies, table linens, napkins, bureau scarfs, tray cloths, etc. Guest and regular size in Huck-a-back towels, stamped to cross stitch for 25c and 50c each.

GAMES—TOYS—DOLLS—BELLS—and wreaths. Small Christmas trees for Christmas decorations, and tree ornaments.

JEWELRY—A large complete assortment of gold filled guaranteed quality, including Ladies and Gents rings, bracelets, veil holr and beauty pins, cuff Buttons and link buttons and many good things for gifts—look in our west window for display.

UMBRELLAS—Ladies and Gents, 7 rib paragon frame, tape edge, rain and sun proof, plain mission and fancy handles, ranging price 95c to $8.00 each.

Hosiery—fine quality in ladies and gents silk hosiery from 50c to $1.25.

KID GLOVES—Ladies gents and childrens. Just a word about our ladies gloves. They are one of the best makes in the country. Every pair guaranteed. We have them all sizes, and all desirable shades. Just call for the brand Capitol in two clasps $1.25, and you are sure of the best. If you are buying for a gift and they are not the right size, will cheerfully exchange for the right size.

BED and warm slippers for ladies and childrens. Slipper soles for all yarns.

EIDER DOWN YARN for Aviator Caps 18c.

AVIATOR CAPS—made of Eider down yarn, 25c, 50, 75c and $1.00.

BED BLANKETS—Comfortables, etc.

PILLOW CORDS—colored floss, embroidered pillow tops and floss pillows.

Pretty flannelettes—Ladies and childrens dressing sacques, and Kimonas.

Ladies flannel shirts. All linen tailored waists.

All wool, steam shrunk and sponged flannel, for ladies shirts, 27 inches wide, per yard 50c.

French flannel finish for waists and etc. per yard 15c.

Messalin satin in splendid quality 36 inches wide. In many pretty shades per yard $1.00.

Suit cases and bags.

Neckties silks and wool scarfs for ladies and men.

Underwear in union suits, cotton and wool. Single pieces in cotton and wool at live and let live prices.

SPECIAL—1 cabinet of wash ribbons, 5 yards on a bolt, per bolt 10c.

25 per cent off on all coats and millinery until Christmas. Come early and get your choice.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Holiday Suggestions By

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Christmas one week from next Monday.

—See Daly & Garlick's holiday advertisement in this issue.

—F. H. Hungiville has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. Thomas McDermott is quite ill at her home on West Main street.

—The open season for hunting rabbits and partridges will close to-morrow, Dec. 15.

—The holiday vacation in the Smethport schools will start one week from next Friday.

—The holiday advertisement of Lanes' Shop, Bradford, in this issue is very interesting.

—Floyd Heath has been confined to the house for the past week with a severe attack of tonsilitis. He is better at this writing.

—The Stitchery met at the home of Mrs. C. B. Dickinson on Bank street last Friday afternoon.

—The second annual exhibition of the Potter County Poultry Association is being held in Coudersport this week.

—We have some new and improved oil and gas leases in stock. Persons wishing leases will do well to call and look them over.

—M. L. Armstrong, who suffered a slight stroke of paralysis several days ago, is greatly improved and expects to be able to return to his labors in a few days.

—D. L. Forsythe, who was stricken with paralysis a week ago last Friday, is improving steadily and his complete recovery is hoped for by his many friends.

—The big tannery at Sheffield, Pa., was damaged by fire at an early hour Monday morning. By a desperate fight the buildings were saved after about $10,000 damage was done.

—Alexander Leib, 64 years old, died Saturday night at his home in Hornell, N. Y., from blood poisoning. A few days previous he scratched his finger on a nail which caused his death.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold their Christmas market at the chapel Thursday (to-day) commencing at 4:30 p. m. Chicken supper and candy sale 5:30.

—Friday is the last day of the open season for partridges and rabbits. Both partridges and rabbits have been quite plentiful in this section but the weather conditions have not been very favorable and a comparatively small lot of these kinds of game have been killed.

—A very pleasant surprise party was given at her home by a number of friends of Mrs. Harry Haley, last Friday evening, the occasion being her birthday. An excellent luncheon was served and Mrs. Haley was presented with a beautiful table cloth by her guests.

—Mrs. George O. Slone, widow of the late George Slone, who was buried at Bradford Wednesday, is reported in poor condition as the result of the shock. Mrs. Slone has been so sick that it was necessary to carry her down stairs to get a last look at her husband, and since his death her condition is somewhat worse.

—At a meeting of the directors of the bank, the semi-annual dividend of three per cent. was declared to the stockholders, and, in addition $1,500 added to the surplus, making it a total of $6,000. The bank has gained the confidence of people here by their business-like methods under the present board of directors.—Eldred Eagle.

—McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., held its annual election last evening and elected the following officers: Worshipful Master, J. L. Morrison; Senior Warden, J. Clayton Backus; Junior Warden, J. A. Swanson; secretary, W. F. Specht; treasurer, H. W. Robin; trustees, Guy B. Mayo, Orlo J. Hamlin and Daniel M. Brasted. The retiring Master, E. W. Strong, was chosen representative to the Grand Lodge.

—This morning's Era says: A nitro glycerine magazine located at Windfall, about ½ a mile from Eldred borough, "let go" at about 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Fortunately no one was killed and so far as known no one was injured. The explosion produced the usual results in the immediate vicinity—left a large hole in the ground, trees were laid low and in Eldred some windows were broken. The damage was unusually light for such an occurrence. The magazine contained about 200 quarts of nitro-glycerine and was owned by an Eldred party who leased the plant to Willard Olmstead, an oil well shooter.

—The dwelling house of Bruce Spencer, situated at the extreme northern end of Mechanic avenue, was totally destroyed by fire at about 1:00 o'clock this (Friday) morning. The building had been unoccupied for a few days; and as the gas had been turned out of the building, it is difficult to arrive at a cause for the fire, other than that it was kindled by someone with the deliberate intention of destroying the property. The firemen were on hand as soon as the flames had with a good force on, that there was no such thing as saving the building. The loss will be about $1,200, with insurance to the amount of $800.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Charity Ball to be given by the people of Smethport for the benefit of P. E. Abbey, is certain to eclipse anything of the kind ever given in Smethport. Moll's orchestra of Rochester, N. Y., has been secured for this event which is to take place on Wednesday evening, January 3. This is one of the most celebrated orchestras in the United States and no lover of music should miss hearing it even if he does not dance. The tickets are $6 per couple and the proceeds are to go for a most worthy cause. It is said that enough tickets have already been taken to more than pay expenses so that every ticket sold from now on will add just that much to this worthy cause.

—Dr. D. E. Keating Hart of France claims to have a sure and permanent cure for cancer, and is in the United States now demonstrating his discovery. He removes the cancer with the ordinary surgical operation, being extremely careful to remove every particle of the cancerous growth and then high static electric sparks of great fineness and extreme brilliancy are shot into the cavity making the healthy cells surrounding forever incapable of again harboring cancerous germs. Dr. Hart performed several operations in New York the other day and he declared that time will prove the person who has had the treatment will be as free from cancer as the person who never had it.

For Sale.

10 head Grade Cows and Heifers, from one to four years old. A quantity of hay and straw. 1 pair black horses, 4 and 5 years old. Some 3 mo. old pigs. 2 full blood Holstein bull calves. A. L. GALLUP.

Holder sells Auerbuck's pure candy for 10 and 20c lb. Try it.

Lane's 57 MAIN STREET

LANE'S SHOP

Diamonds

GOLD

Jewelry

57 Main Street,

Watches

Silverware

LANE'S SHOP

Bradford, Pa.

WHO WANTS AN OVERCOAT CHEAP

$2.50 or $5.00

will buy an all wool, Black overcoat with velvet collar, satin or silk lined, sizes 35 to 42, for men at $5.00, worth from $9.50 to $15.00.

For Boys 6 to 16 years at $2.50 worth $4.50 to $8.50.

Yes ! !

This is not a dream but Facts —come and convince yourself as to the values we offer in

Overcoats

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cinett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

Get Your XMAS PRESENTS NOW

There is of necessity a tremendous jam during the last few days of Holiday shopping—We say do your buying NOW because we want you to make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which the store can give you to a much greater degree now than at the last few days when stocks are depleted and everyone is in a hurry.

Gifts for Men

Gloves 25c to	$2.75
Cravats 25c to	.75
Mufflers 50c to	3.75
Umbrellas 50c to	7.75
Cuff Buttons 25c to	2.75
Scarf Pins 25c to	2.50
Handkerchiefs 5c to	1.00
Bath Blankets	$2.90
Sweaters $1.00 to	4.50
Smoking Sets 50c to	3.00
Shaving Sets 50c to	3.50
Tie Racks 25c to	.50

Gifts for Women

Gloves 25c to	$3.75
Neckwear 10c to	3.75
Hosiery 15c to	1.50
Fancy Waists $3.50 to	5.75
Umbrellas 50c to	3.75
Hair Ornaments 10c to	4.75
Furs $1.50 to	$32.50
Fur Coats $17.50 to	60.00
"Wooltex" Tailored Garments $5.75 to	$37.50
Linens 15c to	$10.00
Toilet Sets, Jewel Cases, Stationery, Fancy Boxes, etc. 10c to	$4.75

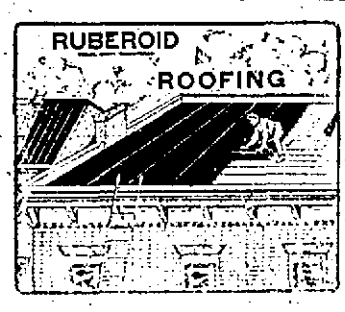
Gifts for Children

Furs 50c to	$10.50
Mittens 10c to	1.00
Handkerchiefs 5c to	.25
Books 5c to	.25
Games 5c to	4.75
Toys 5c to	1.50
Moving Picture Lanterns	6.75
Magic Lanterns 25c to	3.50
Electrical Toys 75c to	7.50
Stuffed Animals 10c	1.75

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known in the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 17 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in form.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AV. ILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PIANOS

IT IS NOT TO EARLY TO SELECT ONE FOR XMAS.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for Lester, Stulz, Bauer, Krannich, & Bach and other high grade PIANOS.

Victrolas from $15.00 to $200.

SCOTT & MADISON

SUCCESSORS TO

J. W. MILLIGAN

117 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PA.

A GAMBLER'S RELAPSE

He Was Human, but He Paid the Forfeit Like a Man

By J. C. DESBOROUGH

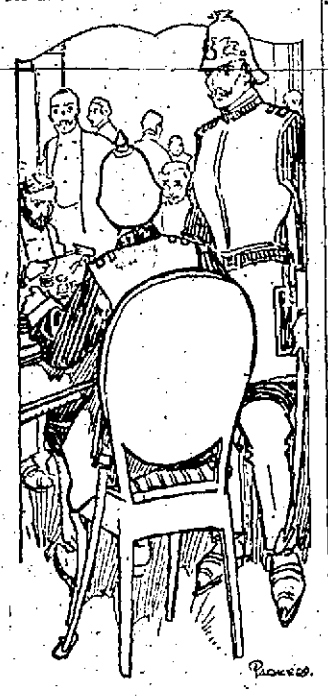
Copyright by American Press Association, 1901.

There was a time when the summer resort of Baden-Baden, Germany, in the midst of which bubbles a mineral spring, was given up to gambling the same as is Monte Carlo at the present time. Today gambling at Baden-Baden is not permitted, and the spacious building formerly devoted to the purpose is a casino, or, as the Germans call it, a conversation house.

In the gambling days Baden was an independent dukedom. There was a regiment of troops stationed there, but the commander issued an order that his officers should not gamble. Any officer caught playing at the tables in the salon would be court martialed and severely dealt with. The least that could be expected was dismissal from the service.

Colonel von Hollert's antagonism to gambling did not arise from its nefarious effect upon his subordinates, but upon himself. He was subject to the craze and had on several occasions barely escaped ruin on its account. It usually struck him when he was where gambling was going on. Then it was irresistible. As soon as he had got beyond its influence his whole nature revolted against it as debasing and dangerous. It was during one of these intervals that he issued the order prohibiting any of his command from visiting the house of play.

Young Baron Wechtell, a lieutenant in the regiment, was as much addicted to play as his colonel. But, unlike Von Hollert, he had no relapses, for he was never cured. Wechtell knew that if he were caught in the gambling rooms his career would be blighted. Nevertheless the temptation was too strong for him. One night when he was sit-



"TAKE YOUR WINNINGS AND GO TO YOUR QUARTERS."

ting in his quarters endeavoring to resist the game that was calling him he began to argue with himself.

"The colonel will not descend to set a watch on the gambling house to catch any of his officers who may play there. Therefore how is he to know if his order is disobeyed? No officer will inform on another; citizens take no interest in the matter, while the proprietors desire the presence of all persons who have means."

There being no one but himself to reason with and he and himself being on the same side, the argument was convincing. Within half an hour he was tossing pieces of money on the tables in the salon, most of which the croupier dragged in to the credit of the bank. He played with varying luck for an hour, at the end of which he staked all he had left on the red. He won. Leaving his stake and his winnings where they were, the ball rattled on the roulette wheel, spun around merrily and won for the red again. Wechtell decided not to risk a third time all he had with him and was about to stretch forth his hand to grasp the amount when, looking up, he saw the eyes of his commanding officer bent upon him.

Now as to the colonel's being there—he was too much of a gentleman to go there to learn if any of his officers were disobeying his order. Then what could have drawn him? Nothing less than a relapse. Gambling with those who are naturally constructed to be gamblers is one of the most enslaving of passions. Colonel von Hollert had been seized with a desire to play which was irresistible. Not even the disgrace attending his breaking his own order could prevent his going to the gambling house. He had but just arrived and was feeling in his pockets for a stake when he saw Wechtell. Von Hollert would have withdrawn, but it was too late. Wechtell thought only of his own position. Why the colonel was there he did not ask himself. The hand stretched forth to grasp the money on the red was withdrawn. Its owner argued that though the colonel saw him at the table he may not have seen him put down a stake. This might save him.

The man who makes the announcements called out in his monotonous way, "The red has won." Wechtell did not even hear him. He sat pretending to be a mere looker on, leaving his winnings where they were. The red won again and again, and there was a heap of gold pieces before the young officer. Then the colonel said to him:

"Take your winnings and go to your quarters."

Wechtell, seeing that his subterfuge had been ineffective, obeyed the order, filling his pockets with the money. Going out the colonel touched him on the shoulder and said, "Report in person at my headquarters tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

When the lieutenant reached his quarters he called in his two most intimate friends and told them of the situation. None of the three could fathom the colonel's presence at the gambling house. He was not the man to go there to spy upon his subordinates, and such an act would have been unmilitary. He could not have gone there to play in the face of his own order against others playing. Not one of those discussing the matter surmised that so great had been the temptation that it had overwhelmed all other considerations.

One of Wechtell's friends advised him to send in his resignation at once and not obey the colonel's order to report at headquarters. This, he argued, would simplify matters. Quite likely the colonel would recommend its acceptance, for to prefer charges against Wechtell he must admit that he was at the gambling house. His presence there would condemn him unless he was there to spy, and spying in itself was condemnatory.

Wechtell's other friend claimed that this view of the case was the subordinate's protection. Since the colonel must suffer under either supposition he was handicapped. Wechtell between these two opinions was not capable of making up his mind what to do. One thing definite was decided upon—that none of the three would speak of the matter to any one else.

Nevertheless in the quarters of five different members of the regiment the matter was under discussion, for five other officers had been present that night at the gambling table, all of them disguised, and had seen what had taken place between Colonel von Hollert and Lieutenant Wechtell. Before morning every officer in the command knew of it and was discussing it. Most of them considered the colonel as having been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in visiting the gambling house at all and in taking action against Wechtell he would demean himself as a soldier. Till dawn there was a hum of conversation upon the episode, when the disputants went to bed.

Wechtell did not close his eyes. He could have made up his mind to take his punishment and gone to sleep had his fate been a certainty. It was hanging between two results that kept him awake. What would the colonel do? Would he court martial the guilty man and take the consequences that might accrue to himself or come to some arrangement with his subordinate by which the matter might be passed over with satisfaction to all concerned?

Whatever musings or deliberations came to the colonel during that agitating night were a sealed book. A commander is denied the confidences that are granted to his inferiors. It was this want of knowledge of what was going on in the colonel's mind that made the matter more interesting.

Wechtell was up at reveille and, taking an early breakfast, repaired to the colonel's headquarters as the barracks clock struck 9. The orderly on duty admitted without announcing him. The lieutenant found his commander alone and sitting at his desk. The culprit scrutinized his face to see if he could detect any indication of what his fate would be. The commander's countenance was inscrutable.

"Lieutenant," he said presently, "last night I entered the gambling house just as you were placing your stake on the red. I ordered you to take up your winnings, which you did after having won a certain amount. I have been informed that after your withdrawal the red won three times in succession. I am responsible for your not winning a much larger amount than you did."

The colonel paused, took up a check book, wrote a check and handed it to his subordinate, saying:

"This is the amount of my indebtedness."

"But, colonel," exclaimed Wechtell, "you are not indebted to me for anything. Besides, this amount is a small fortune. It is more than a general's pay for five years!"

"I know that, sir."

"I cannot accept it."

"Refuse it at your peril."

"That means?"

"A court martial and ignominious dismissal from the service."

"And you will testify against me?"

"I shall be obliged to do so."

Wechtell thrust the check in his pocket that no one might see him going out with it and went straight to his quarters, where he found his two friends waiting for him.

"Well?" said both at once.

The lieutenant related the interview.

When the three separated it had been determined to pass the result among the officers with a request that each man consider himself in honor bound not to divulge it outside the regiment.

From that moment Colonel von Hollert had a sure place in the hearts of his officers. He had been human and had paid dearly for his humanity.

WASHING THE DISHES.

Suggestions to His Brothers by the Club Woman's Husband.

Tonight I want to offer my brother husbandettes a valuable hint about dishwashing.

When you do the dishes don't set the dishpan in the bottom of the sink; as most men do. Sinks may be the right height for women, but they are too low for men.

For months I suffered from ache in the back, aching shoulders, stiff neck and abdominal cramps. I consulted our family physician without obtaining relief.

At last, quite by accident, I lit on the cause of my trouble. A pile of skillets and saucepans had been left in the sink, and I put the dishpan on them. Then I was not obliged to bend over so far as usual, and that day I had hardly any lumbago pains at all.

Since then I have rested the dishpan on a couple of bricks placed in the bottom of the sink, and I wash the dishes standing almost erect. The roses are coming back into my cheeks, and our whole home is brighter as a result of my lucky discovery.

I am sure that my men readers will be saved many miserable hours if they will follow my suggestion. The bricks may be used between times as door stoppers, foot warmers or nutcrackers.

Tomorrow evening I will tell you what I know about washing granite ware.—Newark News.

DEEPEST SLEEP.

It Always Occurs During the First Hour of Slumber.

"Yes," said the doctor, "sleep is a very puzzling mystery. Nobody knows what the cause of it is, but we do know that it is always accompanied by anaemia of the brain. In other words, when you sleep the blood drains away from the head to the limbs. If you fall asleep on a balanced bed, the moment you dropped off the foot of the bed would begin to sink, and the deeper the sleep the greater the sink.

"That is why a hot bath tends to sleepiness. It brings the blood to the skin and so lessens the supply in the brain. Curiously enough, great cold has the same effect and for the same reason. You know how cold swells and reddens the hands.

"Recent experiments have shown conclusively how pale and bloodless the brain grows in sleep. How? Well, a piece of bone has been removed from the skull of a puppy and a watchglass inserted instead. The moment the puppy under observation wakes its brain at once grows pink again. No! the puppy doesn't seem to mind it.

"Experiments made by dropping heavy balls have shown that sleep is always at its deepest in the first hour. After that unconsciousness gets shallower and shallower."—London Answers.

Maul Rock.

Among the numerous natural curiosities of West Virginia is one in Lincoln county called the "Maul rock" because of its similarity to a maul. The base of the rock is about a thousand feet above sea level and is made up of large bowlders, says an exchange. The stem of the rock is twenty feet high and will average about seven feet in diameter. The cap, or maul part, is about six feet thick and is thirty-eight feet in circumference. The stem is of a soft formation and is fast crumbling away, since the timber has died that was a great protection from the force of strong winds. By mounting the rock by means of a ladder that is kept there a magnificent view of the West Virginia hills can be obtained.—Christian Science Monitor.

Love Letters of a Husband.

"Dear Jane—Arrived here with morning O.K. It's a poor looking town, but business is good. I'll write more next time.—Your loving husband, John."

"Dear Jane—Got here last night. Train was three hours late. No news, but business is good. Longer letter next time.—Yours as ever, John."

"Dear Jane—Sorry to hear you weren't feeling well. Hope you are better by now. Getting a good many orders here. No news, but more next time.—Lovingly, John."

"Dear Jane—Just to let you know I'm all right, though the rheumatism has been bothering me again. Got here this morning and have done a lot of business already. Nothing to write, but I'll do better next time.—With love, John."—London Mail.

An Artist's Trials.

Brownly—Dauber certainly has his own troubles.

Pinder—Why, I thought he was doing splendidly.

Brownly—He was until he painted that last landscape. He painted the sun in too natural.

Pinder—How could that be?

Brownly—Well, it dries up the water in the pond so fast that he has to paint in new water every two or three days.—New York Times.

In Plain Words.

Father (to his daughter, whom he sees whispering to her mother)—Elsie, how often have I told you not to do that? Speak out if you want anything.

Elsie—Well, father, I wanted to know why the woman near me has such a red nose.—Fliegende Blatter.

Small in a Double Sense.

"After all," remarked Smithers, yawning, "it is a small world."

"It has to be," snapped Smythers, "to match some of the people in it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Mystery

Pertaining to the Great Football Game of '91

By NED PORTER

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It was during my second year at the University of M. that the strange case of what has since been called "Meriweather's ghost" occurred there. The tradition dates back some twenty years and has been talked about now and again ever since. Whenever I go back to the college the following dialogue invariably takes place:

"What was your class?" I am asked.

"Ninety-one."

"Let me see—that was about the time of that great football game in which Meriweather figured so strangely, wasn't it?"

"I saw the game."

That's quite enough to collect a number of undergraduates who listen in rapt attention to my account of the matter.

The spirit of football was rampant that year. It seemed that all we went to college for was to play football. At least the biggest and strongest men were in for football, and the rest of

THERE WAS A ROUSING CHEER.

us were absorbed in what absorbed them. There was the usual training and practice, followed, or, rather, intermingled, with a series of games, beginning with our least important antagonists, to end with a match game with B. college, at that time sporting the most important team outside of the three largest American colleges.

Of course everything focused on this final game. Gummerton of '92 was captain, and we had a celebrated ex-Yale man for trainer. I think a good deal of the interest was excited by the enthusiasm of the captain, and some of the fellows declared that if his team didn't win the game with B. he wouldn't survive the defeat.

The Meriweather twins were in college at the time. You've heard of Tom Meriweather, haven't you—the big football player of that time? Well, he was the Meriweather that figures in this story, or his brother Bill, or Tom's ghost; nobody could find out then, and nobody seems to have been able to find out since. Both boys were big fellows. Few could tell them apart, and the only physical difference between them was that Tom was a trifle more massive than his brother. But there were lots of differences outside of the physical composition of the men. Tom wouldn't study and was devoted to athletics. Bill wouldn't have anything to do with athletics and was a "boner." The captain wanted both men on the team of '91, but he couldn't induce Bill to leave his books for practice. Gummerton would have taken him on even during the last week without any training, but Bill couldn't be persuaded.

The captain had no end of trouble with Tom Meriweather on account of a girl he was infatuated with, Betty Williams—an incorrigible—flirt, who played with the big fellow as a seaman would play with a harpooned whale. When time came for practice Tom would be missing. Where was he? Nobody knew except that he wasn't on hand. He had taken a train for the next station above, where Miss Williams lived. The worst of it was that Betty's best man was a B. man, and she sympathized with the B.'s in the coming game. Those of us who knew best believed that Betty, knowing Tom to be our main reliance, was trying to prevent his efficiency by keeping him away from practice. She was also always persuading him to eat and drink what was disallowed in training.

Bill Meriweather having more influence with his brother than any one else—the affection between twins is notorious—we tried to get Bill to keep Tom away from Betty till after the big game. Bill did everything he could in the matter. He argued with Tom, scolded him, told him the girl was fooling him and if he didn't get away from her he would surely come to grief. He wouldn't find out what her object was till the game had been played and lost to us. The whole college would turn against the man who had been made a fool of and put his college into the nine holes.

Tom would see it all as plain as day and promise not to do so any more, but his sight and his resolution would not last twenty-four hours. The matter seemed to trouble his brother Bill excessively. He got so at last that nobody dared speak to him about Tom's action for fear of receiving a rebuff. Toward the last we all let him alone.

Five days before the game Gummerton, seeing that Tom was half the time absent from practice and constantly breaking the training rules, made an effort to induce Bill to take his place on the team. But Bill was inexorable, and the captain had to give up putting on a substitute, for there was no one, trained or untrained, who could fill a gap made by the herculean Tom Meriweather. The only question remaining was whether Betty Williams would keep Tom away from the final game.

Every effort was made to provide for this contingency both by keeping a watch on Tom and having the next best outside man, Watkins of '93, ready to take his place in case Tom was filched away by the girl. Of course that meant defeat, but there must be some one to fill the gap.

I was one of the men appointed to watch Tom Meriweather from the time he got out of bed on the morning of the match game till the fight was on. I arose at 6 and was in his room by 7. The bird, or, rather, the winged monster, had flown. I learned that he had left the evening before, but no one knew where he had gone. When I reported the fact to Gummerton he looked as if he had been struck by a bullet. "It's all up with us," he said. "She's got him and will keep him till it's too late for him to play the game." I asked the captain if we hadn't better see Bill about it, and he said no, "Bill couldn't do anything; we'd better keep away from him; the matter only irritated him.

Gummerton notified Watkins that he would probably have to play. The managers discussed the matter as to what to do to get hold of Tom Meriweather, but nobody was willing to go to Betty Williams' home and drag the big fellow out. There were hopes that he would turn up at the last moment. The game was to begin at 3 o'clock, but could be staved off till half past 3. There was a train coming from Boonton, ten miles up the road, where the Delilah lived, due at our station at a quarter past 3. I, with two other fellows, was at the station all the morning watching the arrival of every down train. But at noon we gave it up and went to dinner.

At 3 o'clock there was the usual roaring on the field, the crowds on the side of each college shouting themselves hoarse before the game began. Tom had not arrived. Watkins was in harness and expecting to play. Gummerton was in despair. He didn't call the game till 3:25. As the men were lining up the big man came over the fields and on to the ground. The singular part of it was that he had his football clothes on. I say it was singular because he was supposed to have come from the last train.

I tell you there was a rousing cheer on the part of our fellows when we saw him. Gummerton gave a yell like a crazy man. Meriweather dropped in his place in the line, and the game began.

I remember when Tom appeared I looked about for his brother to see how Tom's appearance would affect him. I looked everywhere, but no Bill Meriweather could I see. I mention this partly because I thought it singular that Bill should not attend the game and partly because it bears on the mystery. Inquiries later showed that Bill wasn't in his room at the time the game was played. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

I'm not going to describe the game, for beyond the fact that it was won almost exclusively by Meriweather's work it has nothing to do with the strange aspects of the case. When our men were making their last count a few minutes before the end of the last half I saw a man jump the fence on the other side of the gridiron and say something to the crowd there which produced a commotion. Then a shudder came over the assembled multitude.

The train due at 3:15 from up the road had fallen through a bridge three miles from Boonton, and more than twenty people had been killed.

The ground was cleared in an instant, many of those present making for the scene of the accident. I went to my room to get an overcoat, for I had been chilled standing in the November wind, and, coming out into the dormitory hall, met a member of my class, who, with a half scared look on his face, said:

"What's this about Tom Meriweather being killed in the railroad accident?"

"Tom Meriweather! Why, he has just won the game."

I never like to tell this part of the story, for I expect always to be guyed when I do so. Nevertheless I'm going to tell it as I heard it and as it was universally believed at the time. It seems that Bill Meriweather during the morning had gone up to Boonton to try to bring Tom back in time for the game. They were coming down on the wrecked train. When the crash came Bill had got up from the seat on which they had been sitting side by side to get a glass of water. Tom was mashed into a jelly. Bill was unhurt.

Now, then, you've got all I know about it. Both brothers were on the train when it was wrecked. It isn't likely that Bill would leave his dead brother to play the game. And how could Tom have played it, a corpse?"

Charity Not There.

Our kind, our enthusiastic, our open-hearted acts should be individual, impulsive, sudden. When we begin to look ahead, and ask ourselves the consequences of a good deed our little frightened spirit of charity flies out of the window.—Edmund Gosse.

Many Sects in London.

London has at least 45 different denominations of Christians, Glasgow Edinburgh its 25. In spite of the a bridle and "mind you keep your Methodist union three years ago there are still five or six varieties of Methodist societies in London, while there are two other "reformed" offshoots from the Church of England, three different "aptist bodies, and three kinds of Presbyterians—English, Scotch and Welsh.

Festivity at Christenings.

Christenings seem to be far from dry ceremonies in Yorkshire, England. A lately man charged with failing to maintain his wife and family mentioned by way of refutation that he had bought in nine gallons of beer to christen the baby with!

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E. W. STRONG

The Filigree Bracelet

An Oriental Tale

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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On the third evening after the tourist steamer Neptune left Constantinople the little group of people whom congenial interests had drawn together out of the hundreds of passengers aboard the big ship gathered their seven chairs in friendly proximity.

Professor Trayle laid his hand on the soft white wrist of his daughter, Madeline. "I notice that my daughter is wearing her filigree bracelet this evening, and it reminds me that there is a story connected with its purchase in Constantinople."

"Good!" cried Mr. Hanford, and his wife echoed approval in her quiet voice. "We have had the story of 'A Carpet From Mazanderan' and also the alluring tale of 'The Crystal Pool' and what Miss Gray saw in it. Let us have the bracelet story, and mind you omit no details, Miss Trayle."

"It's really the plainest sort of story," protested Miss Trayle. "I had planned, when my turn came, to relate the wonderful adventure father had with the bronze tempot."

"Ah, my dear, that is my very own story," laughed the professor. "I see that Mr. Felton has unrolled the carpet of Mazanderan, on which no man can sit and tell other than the truth; so remember that the old legend applies to both sexes."

They all laughed as Alexander Felton spread the ancient bit of carpet which he had found in a remote interior province and Madeline Trayle with a single graceful movement sank to a seat upon its silken texture.

"Father and I spent a day among the bazaars in Constantinople," she began, "but we could not discover anything that resembled the bracelet I wear. A dear friend of mine in New York possessed a filigree bracelet which was considered a perfect specimen of Byzantine silver work. I may as well save words by saying now that this bracelet is its duplicate in every detail.

"My friend said the bracelet had been purchased in the bazaar in Constantinople, and I supposed it would be an easy matter to duplicate it. The day father and I spent there revealed that there was not another bracelet like Emily Drake's in all Constantinople unless it was worn by some fair denizen of the city. Thus spoke the shopkeepers in the bazaar.

"Father has a friend who is interested in the raisin industry, and this gentleman has a villa on a vine clad slope beyond the tip of the Golden Horn, and it literally overhangs the Bosporus sea. We drove out there and spent a day, and on our return to Constantinople we met an itinerant peddler, who offered me this bracelet.

"Of course we did not bargain long for it. It did not need his clever tale of its having once belonged to the sultan's favorite, who tired of the bauble and gave it to a slave woman, who in turn sold it to our peddler. He asked a ridiculous price, and father paid it without a murmur.

"We had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before the peddler was at our horse's heels, begging for another word with my father. Of course father had spoken to the man in his own language, and now he understood the babel of sounds that poured from his lips. As the sounds were accompanied by an outstretched palm I knew the man wanted money for something, and I saw father toss the peddler a twenty piaster piece and listen with interest to a long recital, accompanied by much gesticulation. Yes, indeed, father, you did appear much interested in the story the man told.

"When we were once more on our way toward the city father related the story the man had sold to him for 20 piasters. It was a good story, well worth 30 piasters, father, dear. I do believe you secured a bargain in that story!" Madeline smiled mischievously up into her father's rueful countenance.

"Remember, you're sitting on the carpet of truth, my dear," he warned laughingly.

"It was a good story," protested Madeline.

"Ah, do tell it!" cried Mrs. Hanford impatiently.

"Please do," chimed in the others.

"The story went that the sultan bought it from a fortune teller, who predicted that whatever woman wore it on her arm might marry the richest man in the world. One can well imagine the superfluous incredulity of the sultan and the disdain with which he waved the story teller aside. Well, never mind whether father and I believed the story or not. The bracelet seemed to possess an added attraction for both of us, and I will confess that as soon as we reached the Neptune that afternoon I hastened to my stateroom and scrubbed it vigorously with soap and water until it became quite clean and bright.

"It's incredible how filthy some of that native jewelry is," remarked Miss Gray, with a shudder of disgust.

"Apparently they believe that a certain amount of soil laid on the article increases its interest and naturally its value," laughed her nephew, Arthur Clayton. "I'll confess to one fad of mine when I'm traveling around these parts and"—

"Yankee! These parts!" scoffed his aunt.

"That's what I am!" maintained Mr. Clayton emphatically. "I'm the most dyed in the wool Yankee that ever—ever"—

"Manufactured a wooden nutmeg," finished Mr. Hanford quietly.

"Go on with the story, Miss Trayle," urged Miss Gray impatiently. "We've interrupted you times enough. Arthur, keep still!"

"Well, I scrubbed the bracelet clean outside and inside and wore it the next day when I went ashore. We had been spending the morning in the Suleiman mosque and were standing on the steps waiting for our carriage to convey us to the hotel for luncheon when father suddenly saw Mr. Jumerman, the raisin exporter, and dashed down the steps to intercept him, leaving me alone.

"Then from the shadow of the tall columns beside which I was standing there emerged the tall, lean form of a man clad in spotless white, with a fez on the back of his dark head. He was a man of middle age, I should think, and his hair was iron gray, and there was the saddest expression in his black eyes.

"Without speaking a word he stretched out one lean, brown finger and touched the bracelet on my wrist. At the same time he raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Well, I must confess there was such dignity and command in his manner that I found myself taking refuge in French and explaining volubly how I came by the bracelet.

"He listened closely and when I had finished held out his hand with another commanding gesture, but still he did not utter a sound." Madeline paused and, taking the bracelet from her father's hand, slipped it over her own round wrist.

Alexander Felton was watching her with a lover's delight in her beauty and charm. They had just become engaged, these two, and the mystic carpet that Felton had brought out of the wilds had witnessed their betrothal. The others in the little party had been quickly informed of the delightful secret by Madeline's father, and as the beautiful girl had become a favorite among them ever since the big ship had sailed from New York six weeks before they rejoiced in her happiness and that of the man who had wooed her faithfully.

Madeline exchanged a swift glance with her lover, and then her eyes dropped to the filigree bracelet shimmering on her arm.

"What did you do, Miss Trayle? Did you give him the bracelet?" asked Mrs. Hanford.

"Yes, of course I did. Who could have resisted the commanding gesture of his hand and the authority in his eyes? I didn't dare do anything else. I simply removed the bracelet and gave it to him.

"He snatched it eagerly, pressed it to his lips and then examined the delicate work, nodding his head affirmatively as he seemed to recognize every tracery of leaf and blossom and twig. Then he looked within the bracelet, and all the light seemed to die out of his countenance. Before that it looked glowing, as if a candle had been lighted inside, if you know what I mean. He suddenly looked old and worn and very contemptuous as he dropped the bracelet back in my hand. Then only did he speak, and, to my surprise, he spoke in English.

"'It is the wrong one, madam,' he said. 'I crave a thousand pardons.'

"'You have lost one, like it?' I asked him.

"'My daughter wore it the day she disappeared. I have never seen her since,' he muttered, and, with a deep bow, he disappeared just as father came back.

"We talked it over that evening, and I told father how closely the man had examined the filigree bracelet and appeared to recognize that it was not the one he sought. So father produced his magnifying glass, and we, too, searched the inside of the bracelet. Hidden away on an obscure wiry twig were tiny letters, enlightening us as to the reason for his contempt for my bauble.

"'It read 'Made In Germany,' and poof went all the pretty story of the sultan's favorite."

"The sultan's favorite may have been the daughter of your dark eyed stranger," remarked Miss Gray thoughtfully.

"And your friend's bracelet might be the genuine article," added Arthur Clayton as they all arose and prepared to go below.

"I shall write to Emily Drake anyway and tell her to look inside her bracelet for any indications that hers is the genuine filigree bracelet," declared Madeline, accepting Alexander Felton's hand to assist her from her seat on the carpet.

One by one the others bade good night and strolled away until at last there remained only Madeline and her father and Alexander Felton. Professor Trayle got up to go and, passing, leaned over and kissed his daughter's cheek.

"In spite of the fact that your bracelet was 'made in Germany,' my dear," he said quietly, "the peddler's legend holds good, for in marrying Alex, here, you are marrying the richest man in the world."

Madeline was startled. "Why, father, what do you mean?" she asked.

"Alex will tell you," said the professor, and he slipped away and left them alone.

"You will tell me?" she pleaded as his arm closed about her. "What did father mean?"

"He meant that because you are marrying me I am the richest man in the world," said Alexander Felton tenderly. And so the tradition of the filigree bracelet was fulfilled after all.

THE REAL SANS-GENE.

Story of Her Adventurous Career in the French Army.

Every one knows the washerwoman who was so familiar with Napoleon in Victorien Sardou's play "Mme. Sans-Gene," but the real Sans-Gene who lived at that time was a dragoon in one of the great Corsican's armies and spent twenty years in camps and barracks, in campaigns and battles over Europe. In the Musee de L'Armee in Paris there is a special case inside which stands her equestrian statue.

Her real name was Marie Therese Figueur, and she was born in Burgundy in 1774. When ten, at the end of the reign of terror, she enrolled in a cavalry regiment commanded by one of her uncles and soon acquired the nickname of Sans-Gene.

Mme. Sans-Gene fought in Germany with the French and Batavian armies, charged at Hohenlinden, took part in the siege of Toulon, was in the Italian, Spanish and Austrian campaigns and fought at Austerlitz and in Russia. During the hundred days the emperor conferred the Legion of Honor upon her, and she charged at Waterloo for the last time.

With the restoration she left the army to get married. She was then thirty. In the course of her martial career Sans-Gene had five horses shot under her and was wounded eight times in different engagements. She died in hospital in 1851.—London Globe

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

It Would Take a Hundred Millions to Duplicate It Today.

One of the most familiar questions asked by "personally conducted" tourists visiting Egypt and the great pyramid built by Cheops is, "I wonder how much it cost to build it?" A building contractor with a head for figures and building estimates has estimated that the Cheops pyramid could not be duplicated today for less than $100,000,000. With modern machinery and the employment of 40,000 stonecutters, hauliers, quarrymen, masons and laborers a duplicate of the pyramid could be erected in two years.

It has been calculated that the work really required the services of 100,000 men for thirty years. The Cheops pyramid occupies a space of 13⅓ acres and is 746 feet high and contains 143,315,000 cubic yards of stone and limestone. The material alone represents an item of $50,000,000, while the labor would increase this about by $72,000,000. To this must be added $3,000,000 for tools, transportation and similar items. The pyramid is built on a solid rock 150 feet deep, and to build a foundation of this character would add to the cost to the extent of making the total of $100,000,000.—New York World

Vicarious Candy.

A group of children were playing in a gutter. A passerby walked slowly, watching the active preparations of a "little mother," aged about seven, who was marshaling her charges into order, apparently in preparation for some urban excursion. Something had gone wrong, and one small kid was howling.

"Shut your noise, Tommy Higgins, and be good this minute!" admonished the motherlet, with a promissory smack. "If you don't stop like I tell you I'll leave you right here in the mud gutter. You can't go wid us till yez closes yer noise and be's a good boy. Do you know where we're goin'? Well, we're goin' in the next block to the candy factory to smell the candies cookin'. And do you yer know what they're makin' today? Well, it's chocolate creams and pep'mint."—New York Press.

Monkeys Are Fighters.

"Most persons will guess lions or tigers are the most dangerous animals to train," said an animal trainer, "but they're wrong. Give a lion one good licking and he'll remember it. He hits back only when his man is down or has his back turned, but a monkey will fight against any odds, and you never can tell when he'll hit back. Even a medium small monkey can strike a blow that will reach through a coat, vest and two shirts, and he leaves a nasty wound. The most daring thing I ever did was to go into a monkey cage and take a baby from its mother. The ordinary house cat is the most stubborn animal under training, but the monk is the most dangerous if you work the larger kinds."—New York Sun.

Mildly Censuring Him.

"My goodness!" she says, with a pretty scowl, "I think a girl would feel dreadfully foolish if she proposed to a man."

"I should think so, too," replies the diffident youth.

"But then I suppose there are some girls who are just simply compelled to do the proposing," she sighs.

After an hour's consideration of that remark he realizes what she really means.—Woman's World.

Diplomacy.

Mrs. A.—That cook was awful, and I am glad she's gone. Mrs. B.—Did you discharge her? Mrs. A.—Oh, no; I wished to avoid a scene. What I did was flatter her so about her cooking that she thought she was under paid and left.—Boston Transcript.

He Saw Them.

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spifkins?" asked Miss Purling.

"Yes," replied Spifkins sadly; "I played cards with a couple."

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

STRIPPED THE LOUVRE.

Restitution of Works of Art After Napoleon's Downfall.

The Louvre has known a still blacker day than that on which "La Gioconda" was abstracted. This was Sept. 22, 1815, when formal restitution had to be made of the pictures looted during the conquests of Napoleon. Commissioners attended from fourteen different states. The lion's share was obtained, curiously enough, by the representative of Cassel, who recovered no fewer than 421 pictures. Austria recovered 398, Spain, 284, Holland 210 and Prussia, 119. Altogether 2,065 pictures were removed, together with a number of statues, bas-reliefs, bronzes, wood carvings, cameos and enamels.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Life of Napoleon" gives a graphic account of the removal of the masterpieces, which were being frantically copied by enthusiastic students until the last moment before their departure. Thanks to the exertions of Baron Denon, who was then director of the Louvre, a certain number of stolen pictures were retained, among these being the finest example of Paolo Veronese extant, "The Marriage at Cana." The gallery, however, was left with only 270 pictures and remained closed until the vacant spaces had been filled, mainly with the works of French artists.—Pall Mall Gazette.

TRESPASSING IN ENGLAND.

If No Damage Is Done Intruders Need Have No Fear.

Many timid pedestrians in rural England are frightened away from inviting fields by the notice "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted." They need have no fear, says an English exchange.

As the law stands any trespasser who does the smallest damage—injures a fence, breaks a small branch, etc.—can be summoned before a magistrate and fined. But if he does no damage the landlord must bring an action at law and get an injunction. This costs a lot of money, and unless the trespasser is a man of means the landlord won't bring his action at law. All he can do otherwise is to ask you to get out. If you go peaceably you can return an hour later and repeat the visit as often as you wish. Nothing can be done beyond asking you to leave again. But if you resist then sufficient force can be used, and if you show fight you may be legally knocked down, your legs tied and yourself handled on to the road.

The landlord may, however, play some tricks on you. He can saw a bridge crossing a stream, so that you will get a ducking; he can dig a pit for you to fall into, and he can so fix the stile you are likely to cross that you will break it, and then he can have you up before the magistrate. If you don't commit any damage, however, you can trespass to your heart's content.

An Architect's Ruse.

A story is told of Sir Christopher Wren, the great English architect who built the town hall of Windsor, England. It appears that a fidgety member of the corporation insisted that the roof required further support and wished more pillars to be added. Vainly did Sir Christopher assure him that the supposed danger was imaginary. The alarm became infectious, and the great architect was finally worried into adding the desired columns. Years rolled on, and in later times, when architect and patrons had passed away, cleaning operations on the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by a couple of inches, though this was imperceptible to the gazers below. By this curious expedient did Sir Christopher pacify his critics while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

Swift Was a Dunce at School.

Not only philosophers and divines, but some of the most trenchant satirists and brilliant humorists, were dull enough as boys. It has been said of Swift in his best days that "he displayed either the blasting lightning of satire or the lambent and meteor-like caricatures of frolicsome humor." And yet this vigorous disputant was considered a fit subject for a fool's cap at school. Afterward at the Dublin university "he was by scholars esteemed a blockhead" who was denied his degree on his first application and obtained it with great difficulty on the second.—London Standard.

A Business Suggestion.

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit.

"You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do indeed," said his mother.

"Then, say, ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that 10 cents a week you gimme for the Sunday school collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

Things He Knew.

His Wife—Why don't you go to the doctor and find out just what you ought to eat and what you ought to avoid? Dyspeptic—Oh, I know all that now. I ought to eat everything I don't like and avoid everything I do.—Exchange.

All Sound.

Fred—What do you think of my argument? Will—Sound; most certainly sound. Fred—What else? Will—Nothing else; merely sound.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

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Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Bohn.
Auditor General—Robert E. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

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Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Miller, Smethport; H. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Cobeen, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Swanson, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Mann, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders , Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette R. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. P. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sheburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Mayfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. R. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Bubb.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 336, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 295, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 1, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGarvey, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday School, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—F. F. Hagan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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JEALOUS ITALIAN KILLS TWO IN BRADFORD.

(Continued from Page 1.)

he feared he would be killed. Amitretta reassured him that he was safe from harm, saying, "Never mind, Tony, never mind. It's all right. I won't hurt you." He spoke quietly and then shot Tony. Mrs. Workman said that she did not hear a sound from the wounded man. His death must have been instantaneous. His body lay in the pantry. The murderer did not linger nor did he say a word, but ran hastily from the house, making his exit through the side door.

Mrs. Workman made the statement that the murderer was not in the house longer han 15 minutes all together.

Mrs. Wokrman, accompanied by Glen Rogers, then ran from the house to notify the police. The witness said that there was no telephone nearer than the Hotel Holley and that she thought it would be as near to go to the police station. They met two men on the street, en route. Arriving at the station, they apprised Patrolman Kalgren of the tragedy and with him returned to the Bigler home. Coroner Sherman was also notified and he visited the scene. After viewing the bodies, he sent for Undertaker Still, who removed the bodies to his undertaking rooms.

Mrs. Workman said that morning that the Italian was in the habit of visiting the home of Mrs. Bigler and that he would do whatever she asked. He would ask her if she wished anything up town and would do her errands.

Glen Rogers, the other witness of the double murder, was sworn in at the inquest this morning. He stated that his home was in Duke Center. He said that he went to the Bigler home at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Rogers gave practically the same testimony that Mrs. Workman did. He said that after he heard the shot that killed Mrs. Bigler, he went into the bedroom to get his coat. He was afraid of Amitretta and thought that he might be killed. The Italian kept his eye on Rogers until he had killed Kohnen, when he left the house.

PERSONAL MENTION.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. W. Camp was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

J. C. Backus had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Joseph Hull of Norwich had business at court this week.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Bradford yesterday.

Hon. R. W. Hilton left yesterday on a business trip to Oneida, Ky.

Mrs. T. H. Morrison was the guest of Bradford friends this week.

W. J. Milliken, Esq., of Bradford had business at court this week.

Misses Martha and Verna Cramer were Bradford visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Holder is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Foster Studholme, in Olean.

Mrs. H. W. Roeder and daughter, Miss Rita, were visitors in town yesterday.

Miss Alberta Cory of Coryville was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Col. Mellville Gillett and E. T. Newman were Bradford visitors Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith of Port Allegany were pleasant callers at this office Monday.

Mrs. George McConnell and daughter, Jane, of Warren are guests of Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Misses Rachel Mayo, Sarah Greer, Leona Hogarth and Marie Purtle were Bradford visitors last Saturday.

Co[illegible] Superintendent C. W. Milli[illegible] business visitor in Bradford [illegible] of days this week.

Mrs. Robert Lyle has returned home from an extended visit to friends in Warren, Bradford and other nearby towns.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Hartmayer, of Buffalo, returned home Saturday.

L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was serving on the jury this week, and on Tuesday made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Roeder of Austin were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley, over Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Knapp returned home Tuesday from Rochester, N. Y., where she had been the guest of her daughter for several weeks.

Mrs. Michael Eagan left last Saturday for Oshkosh, Wis., where her son, John, has been ill for the past three weeks. A postal card from John received this morning says he is getting better.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

NAPOLEON'S FALL.

The Modern Attila Crushed by His Streak of Insanity.

A VICTIM OF MEGALOMANIA.

Envious of Alexander the Great, He Aimed to Rule the Whole World, and France Sacrificed a Million Men on the Altar of His Monomania.

Were readers of history asked today what three human characters have been most prominent in making the history of the world there could probably be great diversity of opinion as to two of such personages, but as to the third the general agreement could probably point to Napoleon Bonaparte. T. P. O'Connor, who for many years has made a study of the modern Attila, as he was called by his contemporaries, presents in his London magazine an article entitled "The Insanity of Napoleon's Genius," in which he shows him to be a victim of megalomania, that form of mental alienation in which the patient is possessed of gradiose hallucinations.

Mr. O'Connor discards the idea that Napoleon because of his gigantic power for work had a perfect physique and invulnerable health. He suffered as a child from extreme nervousness, later from facial neuralgia. He had a nervous twitching at the mouth and the right shoulder. After Toulon he long suffered from a painful and wasting cutaneous disease, and at times he had fits of an epileptic character. As he was about to leave Strassburg in 1805 on the way to the mighty victory over General Mack at Ulm he had one of these spasms. After dinner on the day he was leaving, says Talleyrand in his memoirs, the emperor had called him into his room. There Talleyrand found him gasping for breath. "I tore off his cravat, for he seemed like to choke. He did not vomit, but sighed and foamed. M. de Remusat, first gentleman in waiting, who had also come into the room, handed him water, and I sprinkled him with eau de cologne. He was suffering from some sort of cramp, which passed off in a quarter of an hour. We laid him in an armchair. He began to speak, put his dress right, commanded us to observe the strictest secrecy, and half an hour later he was on his way to Carlsruhe."

Another sign of the abnormal in Napoleon was his intense irritability, and often there came a nervous breakdown that reduced him to the condition of a hysterical woman. This irritability sometimes took the form of fits of weeping. He would fly into a passion on the slightest provocation. In his impatience he tore many a garment to pieces because it inconvenienced him in some trifling way. He had an inner melancholy that never left him. While he talked of death, Napoleon never had any serious inteption of taking his own life. He never lost his grasp of life. While a man of dreams, he was a man of action. Success did not make this dreamer more cheerful. He had strange moments of bitterness and hatred and a desire to inflict pain. For instance, he would say to a lady after asking her name, "Dear me, I was told you were pretty!" or to an elderly gentleman, "You have not much longer to live."

It was comparatively early in his career that his insane desire to rule not France, not even Europe, but all the world, took possession of him. The real reason for his crushing downfall is to be found in this megalomania. He himself caused his downfall. Napoleon alone could have conquered Napoleon, and it was this megalomania that undid him.

There was his dream of the control of Europe. "There will," he said to his intimates while he was still first consul, "be no peace in Europe till it is under the command of a single leader, under one emperor, with kings for his officers, who will distribute kingdoms to his generals, making one king of Bavaria, one landman of Switzerland, another stadtholder of Holland and giving them all official posts in the imperial household, such as grand cup bearer, grand chamberlain, grand master of the hounds, etc."

Napoleon did place kings in several countries and controlled the policy of nearly every country of Europe—a wonderful achievement for the poverty stricken charity boy who got his education at Brienne at the expense of his sovereign. He might have remained the king of kings in Europe had he been satisfied with that awful height. But he was not satisfied; he never was satisfied. After Europe there was Asia.

On the day he was crowned emperor in December, 1804, he said to his minister of marine: "I grant you my career has been brilliant and I have risen high. But what a difference from ancient times! Look at Alexander the Great! After he had conquered Asia he declared himself the son of Jupiter, and, except his mother Olympias, Aristotle and a few Athenian pedants, the east believed him. Nowadays if I were to declare myself the son of the Everlasting Father there isn't a fishwife but would hiss me! The nations are much too enlightened now, and nothing great is left to do."

"And France," says Mr. O'Connor, in conclusion, "sacrificed a million lives to the monomania of a megalomaniac. What tragedy in history is so gigantic, so appalling, so pitiful, in a sense so ironic?"

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Suard.

HUNTING TRUFFLES.

In France They Train Dogs to Find the Prized Plants.

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the family of the fungi, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants and subterranean, their position underneath the soil varying from two to three inches to two feet in depth.

They have no root, stem or leaf and vary in color from light brown to black. They are sometimes globular in form and vary in size from that of a pecan nut to that of a duck's egg. Their surface is watery and covered with a skin. Their exact method of growth is not precisely known. They are, of course, regarded as a great luxury by the epicure.

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them, and a story is told of a bon vivant who freed a whole family of slaves who had invented a delicious method of preparing them.

France has the credit of producing the finest truffles. Dogs are commonly bred to search for them.

The method of "breaking" these dogs is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases, pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as eighteen months before a dog becomes skilled in the art.

In some parts of France—Poitou and Perigord, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle hunting, and by some they are deemed to be better fitted for this work than dogs.—Harper's Weekly.

SHE WAS LOYAL.

Likewise Honest Enough to Tell Lincoln the Truth.

During the war between the states Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of nine directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the offices of the Company, 100 Main St., Smethport, Pa., on Wednesday, Jan. 10th, 1912, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RALPH, E. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 14th, 1911.

Special Bargains
IN
AUTOMOBILES

The most complete line of Demonstrating, slightly used, and second-hand cars in Western New York.

ALL MAKES and ALL PRICES

EVERY CAR GUARANTEED
As Represented, Or Money Refunded

WRITE TO-DAY for our Bulletin, giving description and prices.

We publish a complete list every two weeks.

Get your name on our mailing list, and watch for the big values—for little money.

CENTAUR MOTOR COMPANY
59 Franklin Street BUFFALO, N. Y.
Factory Distributor for OAKLAND Motor Cars

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

They Cheat One Another.

"Ta' wurruld is full of crooks," said Mr. Hennessy. "It ain't that bad," said Mr. Dooley. "An' besides, let's thank hivin they put in part of their time cheatin' each other."—P. F. Dunne.

A Gentle Hint.

Pass on, young man, if the girl keeps her fingers between the pages of the book when you stop to tell her about yourself.—Chicago Record-Herald

True Optimism.

Old smoker. After all, the best pipe is a clay pipe. When you drop it you never have to pick it up.—Figaro.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In the "wet" line assuredly add to the general rejoicing. What would your Christmas dinner be without a half dozen bottles of superior champagnes, clarets or Burgundy preceded by cocktails or straight whiskey, topped off with some fine cordial? Oh, we'll make your Christmas festivities long to be remembered if you give us an order.

F. H. HUNGERVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

THE HUNTING SEASON

will soon be on, and the tramp, tramp of the seeker for game will be heard throughout the land. It is time for good, heavy, serviceable shoes. Have you your hunting footwear? If not, come here to our store, and let us show the best shoes for hunting and all-around wear you ever saw. You can't wear 'em out.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
SMETHPORT, PA.

CHRISTMAS

Will soon be here. We want to encourage early shoping and in order to do so we have decided to give a

Reduction of 10 per cent.

on all of our

HATS and FURNISHING GOODS; SUIT CASES, UMBRELLAS, etc.

We are still continuing our great sale of Clothing, the famous Kuppenheimer Clothes for men and young men. The celebrated Sam Peck Clothes for men, boys and children. We guarantee to save you from $5.00 to $10.00 on a good suit, over coat or raincoat. A proportionate saving on boys and children's clothing.

Every garment in our store is absolutely New and of this season's make. We cannot charge anything. This sale is for cash.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

IN BUSINESS 68 YEARS

FALL CLEARANCE SALE

OF USED

PIANOS AND PLAYER-PIANOS

REDUCED PRICES—EASY TERMS

Don't wait 'till after Christmas, buy now

MANY CHOICE BARGAINS FOR CAREFUL BUYERS

PIANOS that have been rented during summer. PIANOS and PLAYER-PIANOS that have been used for demonstrating. AND we include PIANOS that are a little shopworn. ALSO the PIANOS taken in exchange in regular course of business. WIDE choice—BEST makes. BIG value for LITTLE money.

UPRIGHTS

One Krakauer	$ 90.00
One Stanley & Sons	60.00
One Steinway	150.00
One Foster	150.00
One Haines Bros.	195.00
One Kurtzmann	130.00
One Kimball	165.00
One Stoddard	127.00
One Kimball	215.00
One Royal	137.00
One Kline	137.00
One Kurtzmann	80.00
One Grohs	128.00
One Vose	200.00
One Hallet & Davis	198.00
One Royal	140.00
One Chickering Bros.	178.00

SPECIAL PLAYER-PIANOS

$500 Apollo	$180.00
500 Harrington	168.00
550 Baus	298.00
600 Universal	350.00
700 Apollo	450.00

Free Stool, Scarf, Bench and Rolls

FREIGHT FREE

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